THE LIVING AGE.

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A MORNING SONG.

You saw my window open wide,
  And woke me early, sister day!
You came in all your lovely pride,
With laughing looks that I adore,
  With wings of blue and grey . . .
With sunshine skirts that swept the floor,
With songs to drive night's dreams away,
  You called me out to play.
And so I took you by the hand,
And found the way to fairyland . . .
With such impatient feet I climb
  The ladders of delight!
For well I know that ruthless time
  Turns morning moods to tears and night.

Olive Custance.

VOCATION.

For this, for this was I foreseen,
  For this was born and made,
To make a home mid leaves green
  All in a tender shade.

To build a home both warm and kind
  Amid the sad world's dearth.
God had the children in His mind
  The hour He gave me birth.

For this He tempered wind and storm,
  Kept me in heat and chill,
To build a house both bright and warm
  Against the powers of ill.

To build a house on a clear height,
  Nor see its light grow dim,
That draws the children home by night
  And keeps a thought of Him.

I set a light on a high hill
  And from their heavenly place
The children's angels, grave and still,
  They say: God give you grace!

For this, for this was I fashioned,
  To give them back again,
Someday—come kiss me, Golden-Head!—
  Without a speck or stain.

I am the servant of the Lord.
  If one day He should tell:
Now name thine own fee and reward
  Who kept My trust so well.
Lord: I would say: Thou hast repaid
  Yea more than seven times seven,
Who in a home in a green shade
  Made me the children's heaven.

Katharine Tynan.

THE BIRD IN THE ROOM.

A robin skimmed into the room,
  And blithe he looked and jolly,
A foe to every sort of gloom,
  And, most, to melancholy.
He cocked his head, he made no sound,
  But gave me stare for stare back,
When, having fluttered round and round,
  He perched upon a chair-back.

I rose; ah, then, it seemed, he knew
  Too late his reckless error:
Away in eager haste he flew,
  And at his tail flew terror.
Now here, now there, from wall to floor,
  For mere escape appealing,
He fled and struck against the door
  Or bumped about the ceiling.

I went and flung each window wide,
  I drew each half-raised blind up;
To coax him out in vain I tried;
  He could not make his mind up.
He flew, he fell, he took a rest,
  And off again he scuffled
With parted beak and panting breast
  And every feather ruffled.

At length I lured him to the sill,
  All dazed and undivining;
Beyond was peace o'er vale and hill,
  And all the air was shining.
I stretched my hand and touched him; then
  He made no more resistance,
But left the cramped abode of men
  And flew into the distance.

* * * * * *

Is life like that? We make it so;
  We leave the sunny spaces,
And beat about, or high or low,
  In dark and narrow places;
Till, worn with failure, vexed with doubt,
  Our strength at last we rally,
And the bruised spirit flutters out
  To find the happy valley.

R. C. Lehmann.

Punch.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DILEMMA.*

The contrast between the high level of our commercial prosperity and the low level of our political life continues to be one of the most unsatisfactory features of the development of the modern democratic State. Both phenomena are well ascertained and almost universally recognized. As regards our commercial and industrial prosperity the Board of Trade returns of our oversea trade show that all previous records have been passed; while the unemployment returns indicate that all branches of national industry are exceptionally active. More impressive perhaps, because more specific, are the statements published a few weeks ago by the "Daily Mail" as the results of a journalistic inquiry into the condition of trade throughout the kingdom. Almost every important town in the kingdom was visited, and from all came the same tale of abounding prosperity. The commercial prosperity of the country is a fact beyond dispute. On the other hand, even the greatest optimist cannot paint the political picture in attractive colors. The contempt into which the proceedings of the House of Commons have fallen is so notorious as to need no proof. It is indeed not too much to say that the vast mass of the population at the present moment neither knows nor cares what the House of Commons is doing.

That would not be a matter of much consequence if the politicians were content to play their game of in-and-out with counters of their own devising and of their own redeeming. But the counters with which the politicians play have in the end to be cashed by the nation; for the proceedings at Westminster—they can no longer be called debates—involve issues which may result in wholesale waste of our national resources and in bitter strife between different sections of our people.

The seriousness of such a situation is being more and more emphasized by writers whose position enables them to take an independent view. Two books recently issuing from two of our universities call attention to the grave dangers involved in the present working of the British Constitution. The first is by Dr. McKechnie, lecturer on constitutional law and history in the university of Glasgow. The point on which Dr. McKechnie lays most stress is the contrast between the theory and the practice of our constitution. In theory we still possess a constitution in which the essential liberties of the individual are secured by the independence of the judiciary and by the restraint which a freely elected assembly can impose upon the executive government. In practice we have an alternating tyranny, and at each general election the dilemma which lies before every Englishman is, to which set of tyrants shall he help to commit his own fortunes and the destinies of his country. To quote Dr. McKechnie:

"Under the British Constitution, as moulded by recent events, the undivided supreme power always lies with one or other of the two parties that divide the State. . . . Democracy, far from embodying compromise, implies a monopoly of power by one-half of the people over the other half. Each party in turn is absolutely supreme, without let or hindrance. Sovereignty is no longer divided between King, Lords, and Commons, but is concentrated in

* "The New Democracy and the Constitution." By William Sharp McKechnie. Murray. 1912.
"A New Government for the British Empire." By F. W. Bussell. Longmans, Green. 1912.
"Rights of Citizenship." By Sir William Anson and others, with a preface by the Marquis of Lansdowne. F. Warne. 1912.

the leaders of the party in power on the one condition that they continue to lead. This is the fundamental fact to be kept in view in any analysis of the British Constitution of to-day."

Nor is the tyranny exercised by the Cabinet—or by the unseen individuals who control the Cabinet—restrained by any respect for what have hitherto been regarded as fundamental English liberties. All through the centuries Englishmen have realized that the final safeguard for their liberties lay in the independence of the Courts of Justice, and every would-be tyrant has found it necessary to strike at that independence. The Stuarts worked through the Star Chamber: a modern British Cabinet effects the same purpose first by removing hosts of important issues from the jurisdiction of the courts, and secondly by reversing by Act of Parliament any judicial decision that is inconvenient to the political supporters of the party in power. Nearly every Bill now brought before the House of Commons contains clauses providing that the interpretation of disputed points shall not come before the courts of law but shall be decided by some government department. The distinction is fundamental. A court of law works in the open, and the reasons which determine the decision of the judge have to be publicly stated. A government department works in secret: the personalities who compose it are largely unknown to the public: all that is known about them is that their prospects of promotion depend on the retention of the good graces of the Cabinet. As a result a litigant who has to submit his case to a government department never knows whether it will be decided on its merits or in deference to political considerations. This substitution of bureaucrats for judges is not a new phenomenon in history. Whenever a bureaucracy becomes powerful, as in France under the old *régime*, the right of the citizen to a fair and open trial tends to disappear.

Similar in essence, though somewhat different in detail, is the process by which judicial decisions are for political reasons reversed by Act of Parliament. The most striking case is the reversal of the Taff Vale judgment by the Trade Disputes Act of 1906. The full consequences of this measure are only now beginning to be realized. Numerous strikes have shown that the clause which permits peaceful picketing acts as a serious obstacle to prosecutions for violence and intimidation; while the recent judgment of the House of Lords in the case of Vacher & Sons v. the London Society of Compositors in effect declares that a trade union may with impunity libel or slander any person upon any occasion without any cause. Undeterred by these experiences, the House of Commons is now engaged in the consideration of a Bill for reversing another judicial decision, the famous Osborne judgment. That judgment was obtained at the suit of a zealous trade unionist, who, as a Liberal, objected to having the funds of his society employed for the support of Socialist candidates for Parliament. Scarcely was the judgment pronounced before the Labor party put pressure upon the Government to introduce a Bill to reverse it. After a brief resistance the Government gave way, and the present Bill is the result. It will in effect enable trade unions to compel British citizens to subscribe to political causes of which they disapprove.

Equally serious from the point of view of the general public is the recent action of Mr. McKenna with regard to engine-driver Knox. This man was convicted of drunkenness, and the railway company thereupon very properly removed him from the position he was occupying to one involving less respon-

sibility for the safety of the public. His comrades promptly went on strike. In the first instance their plea was that the company had no right to take cognizance of the conduct of its employés when off duty. That plea was so obviously untenable in the case of an engine-driver, and in the case of drunkenness, that it was amended to a claim that the man had been improperly convicted. Miscarriage of justice is always possible; in the course of a year there are doubtless several improper convictions; but never before has a Home Secretary displayed such frenzied zeal to upset the judgment of a properly constituted bench of magistrates. Without any consultation with the Newcastle magistrates, Mr. McKenna dispatched a London magistrate post haste to inquire into the case. This gentleman rejudged the case, after an interval of six weeks, on evidence unprotected by oath. He did not deny that the man was the worse for liquor on the occasion in question, but with wonderful ingenuity he found a way out of the difficulty by declaring that Knox was not drunk "in a police-court sense." The net result is to show that if a man is supported by a powerful trade union, politicians will twist in his favor the administration of the criminal as well as of the civil law.

In comparison with these denials of essential civic liberties, the tyranny exercised by the Cabinet over members of Parliament is relatively unimportant. Yet in itself that is serious enough. In theory the House of Commons is a freely elected assembly composed of men whose sole object is to advance the welfare of the nation on lines approved by the people themselves. For the exercise of these functions freedom of debate and freedom in voting are the first essentials. Neither exists. Not only are the opportunities of debate curtailed by the institution of the parliamentary guillotine, but even when that machine for securing silence is not at work, there is scarcely one member in a hundred who dares to say bluntly what he thinks—unless his thoughts happen to be so well regulated that they uniformly coincide with the decisions of the party caucus. Still less does any member dare to vote as he chooses.

There can be little doubt that this is the final reason for the indifference of the public to the proceedings of Parliament. No one cares to watch a series of mock fights whose issue has in each case been determined in advance. In effect the Cabinet has absolute control over the House of Commons. Whatever it decrees, that will be done. It is true that there are occasions when the Cabinet finds itself compelled to modify a cherished policy in order to meet protests from the House of Commons or from public opinion. But such occasional concessions are characteristic of all tyrannies. No absolute monarch can entirely ignore the wishes of his subjects. The real distinction between a tyrannical and a free government lies in this: that under the former the tyrant decides, in view of the various considerations affecting his mind, what shall be done; under the latter the people themselves frame the decision. In our existing political system, as Dr. McKechnie points out with admirable lucidity, the very machinery which we have created to enable the people to express their wishes has in practice rendered it impossible for them to do so.

"The millions of voters become mere pawns in a game controlled by complex forces in which political ambition, intellect, wealth, and persuasive eloquence play leading rôles. The will of the effective majority tends to be the will of a political organization, and that in turn is determined partly by

the character and inclination of the few outstanding politicians who, by gaining the ear of the multitude, have got themselves accepted as party leaders: partly by the conditions laid down by subscribers to the party war-chest: and partly by the necessity of an attractive electioneering programme."

An almost identical view of the actual working of our constitution is expressed by Dr. Bussell, vice-principal of Brasenose, in his "New Government for the British Empire":

"It cannot be pretended that all the subjects acquiesce either in the form or the measures of the administration, because a certain majority have voted for the delegates in parliament. Democracy is indeed put out of court by its own professed advocates, when these refuse to consult it on any definite measures. . . . The ominous symptom to-day is not that the people claim to govern themselves, which, if a genuine wish, would be a sign of health; but rather that clever men claim absolute power to act in the people's name."

Dr. Bussell returns to the same point later on, and remarks that: "One of the most serious and disquieting symptoms of the time is the curious attitude adopted by the 'party of progress' to the *Referendum*."

He might have added that the attitude of the Unionist party towards the referendum is equally disquieting and even more puzzling. On the 29th of November 1910 in the Albert Hall Mr. Balfour declared his willingness to submit the question of tariff reform to a referendum, and his declaration was almost unanimously approved by the Unionist party. The only Unionist who then stood out against it was Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who declined to regard Mr. Balfour's pledge as binding except for the election then imminent. That this was not Mr. Balfour's own view is made clear by his speech at the Constitutional Club on the 6th of February 1911, two months after the election. In this speech Mr. Balfour dealt very fully with the whole subject, arguing that the referendum ought to be a permanent part of the machinery of our constitution, and that it must be applied not only to the determination of differences between the two Houses, but also to the settlement of questions on which the two Houses might be agreed. He proceeded to say that it was undesirable that "normal budgets" should be submitted to a referendum, but that he was convinced that the proper way to allay the suspicions that had been aroused with regard to tariff reform was to give the people an opportunity of judging. Mr. Balfour went on: "These are my views. I expressed them at the election, and I should feel it wrong to disguise them or modify them after that election." Six weeks later Lord Lansdowne, speaking in the House of Lords, was even more explicit:

"There is the case where the two Houses are in agreement and had passed a Bill, but where it might be desired, perhaps by the Government of the day itself, to make sure that it had the opinion of the country at its back before the Bill became law. I am sure noble lords opposite will not be slow to perceive that I am referring to such a use of the referendum as was suggested by Mr. Balfour in his memorable pronouncement at the Albert Hall last year. That pledge of course will be fulfilled whenever we have an opportunity of fulfilling it."

It is difficult to understand by what process of political coercion Lord Lansdowne was induced to repudiate in November 1912 what he had said in March 1911.

His sudden *volte-face* is all the more remarkable in view of the active campaign carried on by many of the prominent members of the Unionist party in favor of establishing the referen-

dum as part of our constitution. On this point it is sufficient to quote from a little volume called "Rights of Citizenship. A Survey of Safeguards for the People," issued early in the month of November 1912 with the apparent approval of the Central Organization of the party. The contributors to the volume are Sir William Anson, Mr. F. E. Smith, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Professor Dicey, Viscount Middleton, Sir Robert Finlay, Lord Hugh Cecil, and the Earl of Selborne; their work is preceded and blessed by a preface from the pen of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Among these essays Lord Selborne's is the most important because it is the most explicit. Its purpose is to explain and advocate the institution of the referendum. With great lucidity Lord Selborne shows how under our existing system of elections it is impossible to ascertain the wishes of the people on any particular proposition, and demonstrates the injustice to the individual elector of compelling him to support proposals which he disapproves as the only means of opposing others which he disapproves still more. Lord Selborne also emphasizes all that has been written above as to the growing tyranny of the Cabinet and the party machine, and points out that in practice the party machine is always controlled by the most zealous members of the party, so that it does not represent the average opinion of the party, and still less the average opinion of the country. These evils are intensified when the Cabinet depends for its existence on the support of several independent groups. As we have all seen during the last few months, the present Cabinet is one day the tool of the Welsh Nonconformists; the next it is carrying out the orders of the Labor party; while day after day without intermission it waits for Mr. Redmond's nod. The referendum, Lord Selborne argues, would certainly defeat log-rolling, while more generally it would make ministers and members hesitate to put forward, or to support, measures strongly opposed by any large section of the people. He concludes a powerful and well-marshalled case by declaring that: "The referendum would be a potent instrument for the political education of the democracy." A more emphatic pronouncement in favor of the referendum as a general instrument of government it would be impossible to find. Yet within a week of the issue of this volume of essays with the benediction of the party, Lord Lansdowne, speaking at the Albert Hall, threw over the referendum altogether so far as concerns its application to the one question of Unionist policy which interests the country.

That speech was immediately followed by a catastrophic change in the prospects of the Unionist party. Up to the time of its delivery Unionist free traders—who are a more numerous body than Tory wire-pullers imagine—and the even larger body of moderate Liberals who mistrust Lloyd Georgeism but mistrust Protectionism more, had been able to support the Unionist party, because they believed that it was still bound by Mr. Balfour's referendum pledge. The withdrawal of the referendum produced an instant reaction.

The Albert Hall demonstration was on the 14th of November: a by-election was due at Bolton on the 23rd of November. On the 14th Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law had nailed their colors to the tariff-reform mast, and once again put forward tariff reform as the first constructive item in the programme of the Unionist party. On the 20th Mr. Bonar Law sent a telegram to the Unionist candidate in Bolton to wish him success. It was a long telegram, denouncing the revolutionary policy of

the Government, and dealing specifically with the questions of Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. But there was not one single word of reference to tariff reform. The people who raised at Bolton the question of this first item in the Unionist programme were the opponents of that professed panacea. They it was who kept the issue of free trade *versus* protection well before the electors, with the result that the Unionist candidate was defeated.

A veritable panic ensued in the Unionist party. The extreme tariff reformers who control the party machinery had been boasting that they could win Bolton on tariff reform. Their failure revealed the hollowness of their claim to represent the great majority of the Unionist party. Their long protracted bluff was exposed, and scores of Unionists who had previously been afraid to say a word against them at once became vocal.

Bolton indeed has opened the eyes of the Unionists, as the little girl in the fairy tale—where a naked king is officially declared to be fully dressed—opens the eyes of the courtiers by blurting out "Why, he has nothing on." Bolton has shown that the tariff reformers, for all their loud boasting and all their ingenious wire-pulling of the public press, have nothing on. Their specific is even more unpopular to-day than it was in 1906, when it was crushingly defeated on a clear trial of strength. Before the Bolton election most Unionists would, in private, admit that tariff reform was a dead horse; but, with few exceptions, they were afraid to say so in public because of the terrorism established by the group of "Confederates" who have introduced into English political life the methods of the Mafia and the Black Hand. After Bolton all tongues were loosed, and members of Parliament who previously had been regarded as the most orthodox of tariff reformers went about openly saying that the food taxers did not represent five per cent of the party.

Faced with this situation, Mr. Bonar Law found it necessary to make another speech with the object of undoing as far as possible the mischief done by Lord Lansdowne's declaration at the Albert Hall. He found a formula which made the Unionist party the laughing stock of the country, and went far towards making Great Britain the laughing stock of the Empire. His suggestion was that the question of imposing food taxes in the United Kingdom should be submitted to the judgment of the colonies. If the colonies demanded food taxes we were humbly to submit; if they kindly consented to forego this demand we were gratefully to accept their indulgence.

Such a proposition is as repugnant to the good feeling of the colonies as to the self-respect of Great Britain. The Canadian position on the subject was made clear, before Mr. Bonar Law spoke, by the "Toronto News," one of the Canadian papers which strongly supports Imperial preference.

In its issue of the 26th of November 1912 this journal wrote that it was not:

"in the interest of Canada or in the interest of the Empire that we should impose duties for the advantage of British manufacturers which operate to the disadvantage of Canadian manufacturers. . . . Canada does not expect the British people to make sacrifices for the Dominions, whether in the form of food taxes or in any other class of duties."

This clear declaration, which was provoked by Lord Lansdowne's speech at the Albert Hall, was telegraphed to London and appeared in the "Times" of the 27th of November. It possibly helped to inspire Mr. Bonar Law with the wild idea that he might escape

food taxes by appealing *ad misericordiam* to the forbearance of the Dominions. That part of his plan—if plan it was—certainly succeeded, for the effect of his speech at Ashton-under-Lyne was to give the *coup de grâce* to the preposterous theory that the self-governing Dominions were yearning for the imposition of a tax on the food of the people of Great Britain, and were almost threatening disloyalty because the wicked Radicals had banged, barred, and bolted the door. It is sufficient here to quote the telegraphic opinion of one of the New Zealand papers that "nothing could be more likely to dissolve the cement of Empire than a proposal that the Dominions should settle the fiscal policy of Great Britain."[1]

While the British tariff reformers year after year and day after day go on repeating that without Imperial preferences the Empire will be rent asunder, the self-governing Dominions have voluntarily come forward and undertaken to provide ships and money and men for Imperial defence, solely because they realize that it is their duty to join in defending an Empire which is theirs as well as ours. No higher note has ever been struck in all the recent development of our Imperial politics than in the concluding words of Mr. Borden's speech to the Canadian House of Commons appealing to Canada for a gift of three super-Dreadnoughts to the Royal Navy:

"Almost unaided, the Motherland, not for herself alone but for us as well, is sustaining the burden of a vital Imperial duty and confronting an overmastering necessity of national existence. Bringing the best assistance we may in the urgency of the moment we come thus to her aid in token of our determination to protect and ensure the safety and integrity of this Empire, and our resolve to defend on sea as well as on land our Flag, our honor, and our heritage."[2]

To suggest, as the tariff reformers do, that the man who could utter these words is waiting to be paid for them by a fiscal preference is as gross an insult as an over-developed imagination could conceive. Yet it was seriously whispered by political gossips, claiming to be familiar with the views of the Unionist inner circle, that the real reason why Lord Lansdowne dropped the referendum was that he and Mr. Bonar Law had promised a preference to Mr. Borden in return for Dreadnoughts. People who believe this tale must have a curious conception not only of the honor but of the common sense of the parties concerned. It is incredible that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law could be so foolish as to give their opponents the credit of Canadian Dreadnoughts while reserving to themselves the discredit of preferential food taxes; it is equally incredible that Mr. Borden would allow his policy to be determined by the verbal promises of British politicians out of office.

Yet if by any chance conversations between Mr. Borden and leading British tariff reformers did take place, it would be interesting to know whether the fact was disclosed that it is part of the tariff-reform policy to deprive Canada of the free market to which she now consigns the greater part of her exports. This is the only possible interpretation that can be placed upon Mr. Bonar Law's words in the House of Commons as given in the official report for the 17th of October 1912 (p. 1567):

"We intend to treat the Colonies better than we treat any foreign country, but we do not intend to treat them as we treat ourselves."

The context shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that this statement had

[1] Times, 20th of December, 1912.

[2] Times, 6th of December, 1912.

reference to the preferential tariff which Mr. Bonar Law hopes to establish in this country. The Tariff Reform Commission have been saying the same thing for many years past, but Mr. Bonar Law is the first leader of the Unionist party who has openly proclaimed the policy of taxing colonial goods as a device for binding the Empire together. It is true that he has since declared that colonial wheat is not to be taxed, but there are other colonial products besides wheat, and hitherto, in spite of repeated requests for information, Mr. Bonar Law has refused to say whether he will or will not tax colonial flour, meat, bacon, cheese, butter, and fruit.

The truth is that in this, as in so many other matters, the tariff reform leaders are between the devil and the deep sea. If they avow openly that they mean to tax these important colonial products, the self-governing dominions will bluntly reply: "We want none of your preference"; if, on the other hand, they declare for free admission for colonial cheese, butter, and bacon, English farmers will indignantly ask: "Where is the protection that was promised to us?" It is interesting to record that in the "Fortnightly Review" for August 1912, Mr. F. E. Smith, one of the most active members of the little group that has hitherto directed the policy of the Unionist Party, said: "There must be a tariff designed to help agriculture just as much as manufacturing industry." But if the tariff is going to help agriculture it must raise the price of foodstuffs above the price that would have been reached without a tariff. To propose a food tax, and to promise that it shall have no tendency to raise food prices, is to play a trick either upon the farmer or upon the artisan.

An equally insoluble dilemma arises with regard to the question of raw materials. Mr. Austen Chamberlain and other tariff reformers are never tired of declaring that they do not intend to tax raw materials; but they take the most scrupulous care never to specify what is a raw material. Again and again they have been challenged to say whether leather, paper, pig iron, steel bars, cotton yarn, etc., etc., are raw materials or manufactured articles. They never reply; because they know that the moment an answer is given to these crucial questions the man who buys one of these commodities as a raw material will be in bitter opposition to the man who sells the same article as his completed product.

It is because of these fundamental difficulties that tariff reformers are opposed to a referendum. They realize that their power to use vague phrases with a double meaning will disappear the moment an actual tariff is tabled. As soon as the country sees the list of articles to be taxed and the rates of taxation, from that instant all talk of hitting the foreigner and binding the Empire together will cease, and every tariff reformer in the country will be discussing how the proposed tariff will help or hinder him. Realizing this, the men who pull the wires of the tariff-reform party are determined not to give the country the opportunity of considering a tariff in advance; their purpose is to draw up their own tariff in secret and rush it through Parliament under circumstances which will make resistance impossible.

Such a denial of the right of self-government would in any case be indefensible, but the dishonesty of the scheme is rendered more flagrant by the fact that among its promoters are men who are daily engaged in denouncing the Liberals for refusing to submit Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment to the judgment of the electors. In the volume of essays above referred to is a contribution by Mr. F. E. Smith significantly entitled "The Rights of

the People," in which the following passage occurs:

"There is much to be said for a democratic system of government, as there is much to be urged on behalf of an autocratic system. There is nothing whatever that can be urged in favor of a constitution which, under the name of democracy, has in effect concentrated every faculty of government in the hands of a small clique which has cheated the people of every vestige of effective control over the national policy."

Yet Mr. F. E. Smith—although, by the way, he admitted in the "Times" of the 19th of December 1910 that Mr. Balfour's "statesmanlike declaration" was the cause of the Unionist successes in Lancashire and Cheshire—is now opposed to submitting tariff reform to a referendum. That means that it is now his policy, and the policy of those Tories who think with him, to scrape together a majority by any means they can, so that they in turn may constitute that "small clique" in whose hands will be concentrated every faculty of government over a people who will have been cheated of every vestige of effective control over the national policy. The very crime which Mr. F. E. Smith and his friends impute to the Radicals they are themselves scheming to commit.

That is how our politicians play their game—with the inevitable result that nobody trusts them. That may seem a hard sentence, but if anyone doubts its accuracy let him ask himself two questions: First, is he prepared to believe the statements made by his political opponents? Secondly, does he expect the orators of his own side when dealing with a controversial point to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? There is no doubt as to the answers that must be given to these questions. It is notorious that under our party system politicians are not expected either by friend or foe to speak the whole truth. To tell a blunt lie is still happily condemned, but there is no general condemnation of the concealment of essential facts, or of the distortion of facts and figures, or of the use of arguments in a political speech which the speaker would be ashamed to use in private because of their underlying dishonesty. On the contrary, what is condemned is the conduct of the man who blurts out the truth to the embarrassment of his political leaders.

No such standard is to be found in any other branch of English life. There is doubtless plenty of dishonesty in all the various relations of men with one another, but nowhere except in politics is dishonesty recognized as a necessary part of the system. On the contrary there is nothing on which successful business firms so pride themselves as their scrupulous honesty; while throughout the world English merchants command respect and win success because they are honest.

Whence then does this contrast arise? If the problem be examined closely it will be seen that, whereas the object of the business man is to give his customers something that they want, so that they may come to him for more, the object of the politician is to glorify his own party and discredit his opponents, so that he and his friends may enjoy the sweets of office and their opponents may be consigned to the shades of opposition. In saying this it is not for a moment intended to deny that there are many politicians who place the attainment of their ideals far above the question of office for themselves or their party. But they are exceptions; they stand outside the working of the ordinary political machine. From the leaders of the party down to the humblest local canvasser the object of the machine is office. It may be that office is desired

for patriotic rather than for pecuniary reasons; to give effect to schemes for benefiting the nation rather than to secure emoluments or honors for the individual politician. In many cases this is so, but it would be hypocritical to pretend to believe that the personal motive does not play a very large, and perhaps the largest, part in political activities. Those who have been at all behind the scenes will in their franker moments relate how easily politicians, who give trouble to the Whips, can be brought to heel by the promise of a job or a title. The same influence runs right through the machine, and most members of Parliament find that one of their heaviest tasks is dealing with the incessant applications from political supporters who want some kind of honor or job for themselves in return for their services to the party. This is not a new feature of our political life; it always has existed; but it tends to become more dangerous owing to the enormous increase of government patronage as a result of the so-called social-reform legislation of the present Parliament.

In laying bare these facts, which are too often glossed over by polite euphemisms, it is not here intended to pronounce any moral judgment on the large army of politicians, both officers and privates, who are thus playing for their own hands. Unless the majority of human beings were normally playing for their own hands there would speedily be an end to human progress. The whole point is that, while the motive of self-interest in matters of commerce and industry is admirably directed by law and custom to the advancement of the common weal, in the working of politics under our present party system there is no relation of any kind between the public interest of the nation and the private interest of the politician. If a business man misrepresents the character of the goods he has to sell he risks the loss of his business, and may in extreme cases find himself in the dock; but if a politician misrepresents his opponents he adds to his popularity with his own party and increases his chances of political advancement. Nor will any penalty attach to his conduct if he loads with fulsome praise a measure which subsequently proves to be unpopular. It is true that his party will suffer from the unpopularity of the measure, but he will not suffer as an individual for having praised it. On the contrary, if instead of praising it he had frankly declared a disbelief in its merits he would at once have been rapped over the knuckles either by the party whip or by his local caucus, and if he had persisted in his criticisms he would have lost his seat. Thus, while in commerce there is constant pressure exercised upon individuals by the community in favor of honesty, in politics there is an even more insistent pressure exercised by the party in favor of dishonesty.

The contrast is not accidental. It is due to the fact that the ethics of commerce are the ethics of peace; whereas the ethics of politics, under our two-party system, are the ethics of war.

The defence most frequently put forward by the apologists of the party system is that it maintains public interest in political life and thus preserves the country from the corruption which would ensue if politicians were not constantly subject to hostile criticism. The conclusive answer is that these ends are not achieved. Both in the United States and in Canada the bi-party system—inherited from England—is in full working, and in both countries there is shameless political corruption. In our own country happily the standard at the moment is higher. Votes are not now bought in England for hard cash as they were in the eighteenth century; but they

are exchanged for promises of employment and for titles of honor. The distinction is a very fine one, and it is clear from the recent controversy in connection with the Marconi contract that even now our politicians are ready to impute financial corruption to one another. A more general and almost equally unpleasant revelation of the attitude of members of Parliament to monetary considerations was afforded by the manner in which members, who had voluntarily undertaken to render unpaid service to the nation, voted salaries of £400 a year to themselves without consulting the electors, and without even the formality of an Act of Parliament. It is impossible in face of such facts as these to contend that the bi-party system preserves the country from the danger of corruption.

Another favorite argument is that without the driving force of the party system the country would never get anything done. The answer is that with that driving force things are done that the country does not want, and the things that it does want are left undone. In the past few months we have seen the House of Commons deliberately setting aside the Mental Deficiency Bill while pressing on with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Yet it is notorious that the former measure meets with almost universal approval, while the latter is only desired by an insignificant fraction of the nation.

Nor is it possible to defend the bi-party system as a means of securing good administrations. That our ministers are on the whole fairly well chosen may be admitted, but it is obvious that a better selection could be made if the selecting authority had the whole House of Commons to choose from instead of little more than half. It is almost equally obvious that the choice of ministers must be hampered by the necessity for finding men who for the sake of office are willing to sink their convictions on a multitude of questions disconnected with the office to which they aspire. For example —to take purely imaginary cases—an ideal war minister cannot be appointed unless he will promise to profess belief in Irish Home Rule, while promotion to the Admiralty may be made to depend on views with regard to the Welsh Church.

The assumption that members of the Cabinet must necessarily have a common policy is a delusion bred of our long subjection to the party system. The necessity for the pretended unity of the Cabinet is merely the outcome of the warfare between the two parties. If that warfare ceased the King's ministers might—so far at any rate as legislation is concerned—openly express divergent opinions on the many questions on which they now in public profess to be unanimous. The House of Commons and the country would then have the advantage of hearing the case honestly stated by competent men. But we cannot get rid of party warfare as long as that warfare determines the succession to a group of offices worth several hundred thousand pounds a year, and carrying in addition an immense amount of varied patronage and great personal distinction.

There lies the root of our trouble, and though the evils of the party system would be mitigated by the introduction of proportional representation and the referendum, we shall not get rid of those evils until we have devised some means of choosing the King's ministers on other grounds than their loyalty to a political faction.

That the problem is not insoluble is proved by the fact that the Swiss, the most democratic people in Europe, have solved it. The ministers of the Swiss republic are elected by the legislature on their personal qualifications,

and hold office independently of the acceptance or rejection of any legislative projects they may put forward. The legislature thus retains control over legislation, and in turn the people retain control over the legislature through the right to demand that any particular measure shall be referred to a popular vote before it becomes law.

Why a similar constitution should be inapplicable to this country, it is not easy to see. Our present party system is an accidental survival from the civil war of the seventeenth century. It serves no need of English life; while in its main features it is an insult to human intelligence. There is not a single commercial company or voluntary society in England, or in any other country, that would dream of choosing its board of directors or its executive committee as the British Cabinet is chosen—namely, by the varying vicissitudes of a never-ending political fight, in which two parties are engaged in depreciating one another, and deluding the electors, by every art of the pamphleteer and the platform rhetorician. The only people who profit by this civil war are the headquarters staffs of the two opposing armies and a miscellaneous collection of camp followers. The conditions which have made its long survival possible are now passing away. As long as the politics of the country remained in the hands of the upper and middle classes, party warfare served as an agreeable diversion to the dull routine of ordinary life; while the gentle swing of the pendulum provided a fairly even distribution of the prizes of office between the rival groups. These conditions no longer exist. The most insistent fact in modern politics is the emergence of the Labor party. That party proclaims its indifference to the issues that divide the older parties, and frankly declares that its object is to use the power of the State solely for the benefit of wage-earning classes.

On the issue thus raised, and on the still broader question of State interference with economic forces two views are possible. There is the view that such interference generally does more harm than good; there is also the view that a wise government may by carefully devised measures so guide the industrial and commercial development of the country as to greatly improve the conditions of life for the wage-earning classes, without drying up the sources of wealth or multiplying the number of idlers. Both views can be defended. What is not defensible is the present system under which two sets of politicians conduct their rivalry for office by bidding, against one another, for the votes of men who have been taught to believe that the State possesses a bottomless purse, and that every ill that human flesh is heir to can be swept away by a few Acts of Parliament. Pages of this Review could be filled with examples of the way in which politicians on both sides have assented to proposals fundamentally at variance with their general convictions, solely from fear lest the opposing party should proclaim on the hustings "Codlin's the friend, not Short." There is no limit to the mischief that may be inflicted on a nation which permits its laws to be made on such a principle as this. Happily our country—thanks to industry and commerce, not to politics—is immensely wealthy and can stand much bleeding; but that is no reason why we should continue a system which is immoral in motive and harmful in tendency.

The way of escape lies through the frank recognition of the fact that our eighteenth-century constitution is unsuited for twentieth-century democratic needs. Mere tinkering with the Second Chamber, as the Unionists propose,

would effect nothing. The essential reform is to make ministerial tenure of office independent of the fate of legislative measures. This can best be done by providing that the House of Commons shall itself elect the Cabinet by a system of proportional voting so that this executive committee may be a true epitome of the whole House—each member so elected to retain his seat in the Cabinet until dismissed by a vote of the House. In addition, some machinery must be set up to enable the electors themselves to declare Aye or No, whether they will accept any legislative measure which excites keen controversy.

There is no reason to fear that, under such a constitution, membership of the House of Commons would lose its attractiveness. On the contrary the attractions would be increased; for every member would have as good a chance as at present of himself obtaining office; while he would in addition possess the privilege of helping to select the Cabinet. Even more important is the new freedom he would acquire—the freedom to express his honest convictions on any measure before Parliament without fear of depriving himself or his friends of a ministerial salary. Under such conditions the House of Commons would become a real debating assembly, a true council of the nation, where national problems would be threshed out, for subsequent reference, if occasion should require it, to the direct vote of the electors themselves. To be a member of such an assembly would be a worthy object of any man's ambition.

Harold Cox.

The Edinburgh Review.

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA.

The military aspect of the Revolution in Cuba during the spring and summer of 1912 does not call for any lengthened notice. The fact that American soldiers were landed and that American battleships occupied the large ports is well known, and the details of the revolt can be read in contemporary newspapers or in the official report shortly to be published by the American Government. It is sufficient to say that the revolt was successfully suppressed, and that at the present moment there is no active hostility to the Government. There remains, however, the underlying feeling of racial hatred made more fierce and bitter by the manner in which the victors have celebrated their success, and by the enthusiasm with which the Cubans have responded to these celebrations. But behind what is generally known, or what will become accessible, there are problems and forces with which few can be acquainted outside the island. It is to these that we must turn, if we are to arrive at the true state of affairs, and obtain a just view of the Revolution.

These forces or problems are, broadly speaking, the state of the Church, the state of education, and the state of political life. It is necessary to refer to these three in some detail, and in doing so I do not intend to go beyond personal observation and personal experience. This limitation must curtail the width of the estimate; but if the picture be less complete, it will at least be truer within its limits than a broad survey based only on hearsay or second-hand evidence.

Cuba is professedly a Catholic country, and it is the greatest insult to the nation and to the individual to call this in question. Protestantism is

so weakly represented as to need no consideration. Now, when one begins to examine this profession of loyalty to the Catholic Church, one discovers that the Church has lost all real touch with the life of the people, and that its influence is purely traditional sentiment. The clergy are in no way respected, the sacraments are neglected—I have only seen a few Confessions and Communions—the obligations of the Church are wholly disregarded, few men are ever present at Mass, and there are few signs of piety and reverence in church. The sermons usually take the form of glowing panegyrics on the life of some saint; they lack almost entirely the personal touch of sincerity, and are wholly without practical application to life. These were first impressions, which I hoped time would modify. But, unfortunately, the longer my experience the deeper the disappointment. The situation can be summed up in one word—apathy. The great routine of Church life goes on from season to season, but to the people it brings no reality, no moral energy, and no strengthening of the national character. An American priest of twenty years' experience in the island said to me recently: "The Cubans have no religion, and the Church in Cuba is dead."

In trying to account for this state of affairs, it is hard to arrive at anything tangible or convincing. However, one reason emerges to which, I think, much of the deplorable state of affairs can be put down. The ethos of the Church here is Spanish. During the long struggle with Spain for liberty the Cuban Church uniformly sided with the stronger power, and deliberately went against the age-long aspirations of the people. Hence she lost her prestige. Cuban patriotism is no idle affair of sentiment or words. It is one of the most real things in the country. It has added to the history of liberty names—Céspides, Maceo, Agramonte, Palma, for example—not unworthy to stand beside the greatest there. In standing outside the nation, and by upholding explicitly or implicitly the power of Spain, the Church here proved singularly blind, because experience must have pointed out to her that it was certain that the Cubans would ultimately be free, and that a people who had bought freedom by almost incredible self-sacrifice, would give little respect to anything which had held aloof in the struggle. Thus then, when face to face with the recent Revolution, the Church was utterly helpless to guide a nation professedly Catholic. She had given no stimulus formerly to the national ideals; she had lost her opportunities for standing beside a young country as it reached the threshold of national life, and for guiding, by her divine wisdom, the actions of a hot-blooded people intoxicated with success; she had blundered in her Spanish adherence and had made no effort to rectify her blunder. When Cuba faced the most difficult problem in her history, the Church had failed to give her any example of wisdom and any principles of self-control.

In reviewing the state of education, I refer particularly to the secondary schools. During the Spanish control of the island they were almost entirely in the hands of the Church, and they shared the Church's decay. Religious instruction occupied such an important place in the school life that the schools provided almost no secular instruction of any value, while at the same time the religious teaching failed in practical results because, firstly, it was too excessive, and secondly because it was distasteful to the pupils. Thus it happened that the men on whose shoulders fell the burden of the future were little pre-

pared either morally or intellectually for their work. Efforts have been made by the religious orders to improve matters, and the Augustinian Fathers have met with a certain amount of success, but I think it must honestly be confessed that education in Cuba is a failure. I have had exceptional opportunities of studying this national question, and the conclusion to which I have been driven is that the real problem is the home. Examples might be multiplied of parents who by foreign education have some vague ideas of discipline and instruction, who have sent their children to English and American schools here, and yet who finally have supported them against every attempt to control, tame and refine. In fact, in the Cuban home there is only one ruler—autocratic and tyrannical—and that is the child. He shares the secrets of the family life. His every whim is gratified. His passing fancy regulates the domestic arrangements. Passing thence to school, no system which I have yet seen here has produced any effect on him. The parents talk about ideals and training of character, but individually and as a nation they will not support modern methods in school life. For religious instruction they have no interest except sentimentally, and they are largely indifferentist. For punishment, however well deserved, they have no word of advice or encouragment, and for learning they have little respect. The crowning result of such an education was seen during the recent revolution, when the young men, including the students of the University, were prepared to shoot down at sight any black man in Havana. Torrential tropical rain alone averted a general war, for once Havana gave the lead, fire and sword would have been let loose all over the island.

Such being the condition of the Church and of secondary education, it can easily be imagined into what depths of corruption the political life of the country has descended. Cuba began her national life full of enthusiasm for clean hands and fair dealing, and not a few of her patriots were men against whom no one could point the finger of scorn. Unfortunately, this enthusiasm was not deeply based on any moral principles, and within recent years the system commonly known on the American continent as "graft" has entered into the entire administration. In this connection personal experience is of no value, as the decay is well known throughout the island, and is regularly attacked in *La Lucha*, the most important newspaper, and a supporter of the present Liberal Government. Indeed, things have become so bad, and the corruption so grave, that serious words have been uttered with regard to Cuban affairs by both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, and the American Government has officially called the attention of the Cuban people to the state of their administration, and warned them that the November elections must produce a deep and permanent change if the independence of the country is to be guaranteed. On every side corruption reigns supreme. Private ends are the standard of administration, and the national good is sacrificed to personal gain. It is impossible to rely on any official papers issued by the Government. Men grow rich in a few months. The dollar is the test of truth, morality and friendship. Money alone means place, honor and power, and it is difficult to believe that the recent revolution was not a part of the debased political life, and in its origins a party move. With a corrupt Government, a hopeless system of secondary education, and a dying Church, the secret history of that revolution must be painful read-

ing. The outside world will know the broad facts of revolt and suppression, but I think few will be prepared to find that behind all lay something of the "graft system" which has flourished luxuriantly among a people alienated in their character from the creed which they profess. Before turning, however, to the closer history of the revolution, it must at once be conceded that there are men in Cuba who are prepared to do their utmost for the future of the country quite regardless of political parties. For example, the National Association of Veterans—those who fought for and founded the Republic—have at last made an appeal to the nation asking it to decide in favor of a new era. Among my own friends I can count men who have resigned Government appointments of position and worth rather than be named in any corrupt connection, and these are men who have sacrificed all in the War of Independence. There are not a few strong practising Catholics and earnest single-minded priests. But all these only make my conclusions more convincing, as they stand out in such violent contrast with the life around them, and by their evident honesty show up the darkness of the national decay.

Up to a few months ago patriotic unity was always a note of Cuban life. White man and black man fought side by side against Spain, and some of the best patriots have been negroes. The recent revolt has broken that union and created a problem which perhaps only America can solve. There can be little doubt that the whole question must rise again and in a more intense form. How then did the Revolution, with such grave consequences, originate? Looking back over the entire episode, it is clear that the Government made the political movement among the negroes the occasion for a political move on their own part, and that before they knew where they were the whole thing got out of hand, with the final result that the old peaceful national life has been for ever shattered, and that the complete supremacy of the white man over the black must hepceforth be maintained. At the outset the President honestly enough told the American Government that only a few negroes had risen, that American aid was unnecessary, and that he could deal with them. These "few negroes," however, soon began to outrage women, burn property and create general terror in the province of Oriente. The nation was called to arms, foreigners were told to protect themselves and a fierce race-hatred grew up with alarming rapidity. Nor was it long before thinking people, in analyzing the problem, brought home to the Government itself the origin of the revolt. The President sought re-election—the political history of the first weeks after the Revolution was over, entirely confirms this—and he knew that it was extremely doubtful if he would be able to obtain an immediate majority, spontaneous enough to prevent him from having to defend his administration in detail. He was losing the confidence of the whites, and ill-educated negroes held Government positions. In spite, however, of this catering for them, the negroes began a national organization and attempted to form the "Independent Negro Party." Now, if the negroes became an independent party and abandoned the Liberal platform, the President knew from the experience of the last election that he could not hope for a second term of office. He therefore urged a negro Senator, and one of his greatest friends—Morua Delgado—to hurry through a law forbidding under penalties any such organizations. This law was eventually passed, and is

known in Cuban history as the Morua Law. However, Generals Estenoz and Ivonet (I call them "Generals" because they headed the negroes in the last Revolution) continued the organizations, and though they had been officers of the Cuban army against Spain in the War of Independence, they went through the island encouraging the negroes in their protest, and by their work, disintegrating the nation. Finally they were thrown into prison and kept there until the President thought that the Independent Negro Party was a thing of the past and had ceased to exercise any influence. However, when Estenoz and Ivonet were liberated, they were treated in a most extraordinary manner for political prisoners. Various positions of worth were offered to them, and the repeal of the Morua Law was also suggested. Within a short time these two leaders began to renew their propaganda up and down the island. Meetings were held, speeches delivered, and the organization of the negroes became an established fact. In many places the local authorities attempted to interfere, pointing to the illegality of the proceedings as being contrary to the Morua Law; but Estenoz and Ivonet publicly asserted that they had full permission from the Government, and they even went so far as to report the local authorities to the Secretary of Justice for attempting to enforce that law. Indeed, it was openly stated in Havana, and has never since been contradicted, that the wife of Estenoz wondered why her husband had gone off into the provinces in order to organize a revolt, as she knew he was on terms of friendship with the President at that time.

The President had always failed to carry the newspapers with him when some of his own schemes would not bear the light of close examination. He now began the game of "bluff," announced some incipient revolution, and at once called on all true Cubans to rally round him and save the fatherland from another American intervention. Every Cuban knows, for example, the amusing story of "The Great Trunk Mystery." When the newspapers were on the eve of showing up some special effort of the "graft system," a story was spread that a large box had been found full of arms, etc., for revolutionary purposes. Subsequent investigation, however, proved that a Government official had prepared an old trunk and filled it with out-of-date muskets. It is the standard "graft" joke in Cuba, but it fulfilled its purpose. So, too, in connection with the recent revolt. The Press was regularly complaining that the historic Liberal party was split up into several factions, each with a candidate, and the Government became restless under the pressure and fearful for the future. To start a Revolution—it began on Independence Day, May 20—on a small scale at an important moment of national sentiment appeared quite natural. The government believed that it would last only a short time or as long as the Government allowed it. Then during the months preceding the November Presidential elections they would triumphantly suppress it and proclaim the President once more as the saviour of Cuba and fully worthy of a new term of office. Unfortunately for the President, and still more unfortunately for Cuba, a political move developed into a fierce racial war. Estenoz and Ivonet had done their work well, and the Government found themselves face to face with two competent generals and 4,000 well-armed negroes. It was a real Revolution.

To-day the whites and blacks hate one another, and national unity has been destroyed. America has warned

the President against seeking re-election, and an American Government Committee is to visit Cuba and inquire into the only too evident origins of the Revolution, and apportion the punishments. It is a pitiable picture, and one could hardly believe in its possibility without being in the country and seeing the great "graft" machine at work.

What of the future? That is darker than ever, and the opening of the Panama Canal will doubtless complicate matters. But as far as it is possible to foresee, the thorny racial question has now become too serious to be settled by argument. Only strong government can do it, and I personally doubt the national ability to provide it. The forces of corruption are too strong. Too many have tasted the forbidden tree. Moral decay is evident everywhere. So evident, that the Government, as we have seen, risked the very existence of the nation on a political revolution. The Conservative party is well organized, with an excellent candidate, but Conservatism is contrary to Cuban instincts. There seems, therefore, to be no way by which Cuba can work out her own salvation, and I feel that some time in the future she must become American.

W. M. Kennedy.

The Dublin Review.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

It was early in October, and the two great fairs of the season were in progress. Zachary and his wife were doing a deal of business, and the van which had been their home for so many placid months was supplemented by another, driven by a round-faced lanky youth, with a perpetual cold in his head, and a periodical tendency to suffer from grievance.

Honesty condoled with him sometimes over the former infirmity, and Zachary overlooked the latter, so they rubbed on together quite well, though if Honesty had belonged to a higher grade of society, she might have said that Stanley—such was their Jehu's high-sounding patronymic—got upon her nerves.

Some long unsightly poles protruded from the second van, and rolls of sail-cloth were piled upon the top; underneath the vehicle were slung the boards and trestles forming the stall on which a select assortment of Zachary's wares were set forth when he took possession of his quarters at each fair. In the interior were stowed away a variety of fancy articles with which, on these occasions, he supplemented his ordinary stock-in-trade—little trays, tin candlesticks, japanned tea-caddies, and the like; they made a brave show when Honesty arranged them, singly or in groups, to contrast with her tempting array of crockery-ware.

Woodbury Hill Fair was over; they had done a brisk trade and had been obliged to renew their stock before journeying to Shroton, their next halting place. After passing Blandford and descending the long steep hill which leads past the deer park, they fell in with a number of other travelling gentry whose destination was the same as their own. Now, it would be a neat caravan much like theirs, with the same appurtenances of plank and sail-cloth, which would presently resolve themselves into a booth. A tidy-looking woman in black would

perhaps be driving, while a respectably-clad man would walk at the horse's head. Zachary and his wife would nod to these good folk as they passed, and exchange a friendly phrase or two anent the weather, "the time o' day," or some other equally interesting subject.

Once the good woman who sat enthroned just within the green "shed" of the van, pleased with Honesty's bright smile, or perchance impelled by her own innate good-nature, tossed a neatly tied-up packet of gingerbread into her lap with the laughing injunction to "try her sweet tooth on that and give over makin' out as she was a staid 'ooman wi' that child's face."

"Haw, haw!" laughed Zachary, "and so she is, Mrs. Joice—nothin' but a child! 'Tis stuff an' rubbidge for her to go a-makin' out as she's anythin' else—though, mind ye, she's got a good headpiece—I'll say that for her. So, young as she mid be, she's got a deal o' sense. But I d' 'low she's a bit of a sweet tooth left, an' 'ull do justice to your gingerbread."

They jogged on, Stanley casting envious glances towards Mrs. Joice's piled-up basket as his vehicle clattered in the wake of his master's; he, too, was young, and had a passion for gingerbread, but no dainty packet found its way to him. And Maister Shart could well afford to buy his Missus whatever she fancied while a poor chap what had to earn his living couldn't—it was another proof of the hardness of Stanley's lot and the general injustice of things.

"Have a bit?" said Honesty to her husband, setting her teeth into one of the round crisp cakes of the Fair gingerbread which always appears to have a distinctive flavor of its own.

"Don't mind if I do," rejoined he, holding out a willing hand.

"Who's got a sweet tooth now?" cried she triumphantly.

"I did allus tell 'ee as I were a bwoy at heart," returned Zachary.

Stanley witnessed the transaction from the rear, with stern inward comments over the ridiculousness of the Boss's carryings on. Him a bwoy—when there was a real bwoy not a hunderd mile off as it 'ud ha' been more suitable to offer cakes to!

Now the road was blocked by a huge gipsy van with its swinging paraphernalia of wickerwork; a ragged family trooped alongside; two or three lean, indescribably wretched-looking horses and ponies accompanied them, running loose, destitute even of halters, and stopping occasionally to snatch a mouthful of the rank wayside grass or a bramble from the overhanging hedge. One brown-faced, black-browed woman, tall and powerful enough to have been a man in disguise, strode at the horse's head, giving an occasional jerk to the rein, and occupying herself between-whiles in dandling a crying baby. It required a shout from Zachary to induce this Amazon to draw her cart sufficiently to one side to admit of the passage of their better horsed vehicle.

"Would the child like a cake?" asked Honesty, stooping forward and holding out one of her gingerbreads.

The woman snatched it from her hand and tossed it scornfully to a ragged boy who was walking at the other side of her own scarecrow animal.

"Where do ye suppose thik little un 'ud find teeth to chaw wi'?" she returned scornfully; then her expression changed. "Ye've a-got a vitty face o' your own, my dear. Have your fortune told? Blue eyes and yellow hair! There's luck comin' to that face."

Honesty looked round curiously, but Zachary had jerked the bridle and chirruped to his horse, which quickened its pace and in a moment the gipsies were left behind.

"They say those folks can really tell fortun's," said Honesty speculatively. "Do 'ee mind last Christmas Day when you did tell my fortun', Zachary? Ye did say ye picked it up from the gipsy-folks at the fairs."

"Nay, I was but making fun," rejoined he, "'tis foolish work makin' out to tell fortun's. The Lard He do know what's to come in the futur' but that's what nobody else do do. I be content with the present—I know that," he added smiling, "an' I hope as you be the same, little 'ooman."

"There's one or two things I'd like to know, though," said she, half to herself.

"Stuff and rubbidge, stuff an' rubbidge," cried Zachary. "What can you want to know?"

"Well, whether you an' me 'ull allus live in a van, for instance," said Honesty. She broke off ruminating, then she went on: "I do hope that gipsy 'ooman is kind to her baby."

"I hope so, too," returned Zachary.

"I'd never let a dear little baby cry," said Honesty, and then she fell silent.

When they arrived at the site of the Fair they found themselves almost first in the field, and were able in consequence to carry out their camping operations with great ease and comfort. The horses were picketed, the booth erected, and the vans established on an adjacent mound whence Honesty, even when engaged in cooking or some other domestic task, could survey the proceedings of her husband or Stanley. The stock-in-trade was not to be set forth till the following morning, therefore when the boards and trestles were set in place and the sheltering awning run up, they were free to sit at ease and look about them.

"Did ye never come to Shroton Fair before?" asked Zachary suddenly.

"No, never," rejoined his wife. "'Twas too far from our place, and when I did live at Sturminster there was nobody what cared to take me."

"Then ye'll jist about enj'y yourself to-morrow," said Zachary, chuckling. "'Tis the best fair o' the countryside, so many folks a-holiday makin' and sich a din! there, ye'll scarce be able to hear yourself speak. There's the roundabouts to start wi', and the shyin' at cocoanuts, and the shootin' an' all sorts. And the sale o' harses! Dear, to be sure, that's the funniest of all. Enough to make ye split your sides wi' laughing."

"Why?" queried Honesty, as he broke off to utter a guffaw at some inward recollection.

"Why, to hear the way the chaps do carry on. There's a good many Irish dealers you know, and they're not short of talk—a man do have to keep his wits about him, I can tell 'ee, if he starts to deal wi' them. They'll dress out a wold ancient carcase what's fit for nothing but the kenne's wi' ribbons in his mane, and straw nicely plaited in his tail, and they'll try for to take in the folks what they reckons is sammies enough to believe what they do tell 'em. Some wold parson maybe 'ull come up, a-lookin' out for a strong, quiet harse to drive in a waggonette, or a wold lady 'ull want one for a phay-ayton. 'Oh!' cries the chap, 'I've a-got the very thing here!' An' he'll trot his worn-out old beast up and down for a bit. 'Is he very quiet?' axes the other.—'So quiet as a lamb,' says the chap, an' he'll flap a flag i' the poor thing's face—'see, he don't so much as wink.' An' no more he do, the poor old brute. 'How old is he?' says the buyer. 'I won't deceive ye,' the other 'ull say, lookin' very serious, 'he's risin' eight' —an 'tis more like *eighteen*, ho, ho!"

He laughed long and loud, but suddenly broke off, becoming serious all in a minute.

"I didn't ought to laugh like that,"

he said; "'tis pure robbery and deceit—and I never could abide deceit."

"Nay, but there's no harm in laughin' if the thing's funny when ye bain't doin' nothin' deceitful yourself," cried Honesty, aggrieved at the unexpected change of tone. "Ye can't but laugh if the thing's funny. You wouldn't go for to help them take in a poor wold gentleman."

"No, that's true," agreed he. "What's more, I've sp'ilt a bargain for them folks now and then when they was a-goin' too far. I see'd the Reverend Mansfield over to Chudbury, as kind-hearted a man as stepped, an' wi' a terr'ble long family, I see'd him bein' talked over by one of these fellows once, and I says to him quiet in his ear: 'Let me make a deal for ye, sir; I'm reckoned to have a good eye for a harse.' An' I did pick en out a very good useful sort of a nag, so he did get his money's worth."

"An' what did the dealer say?" asked Honesty.

"Well, he wasn't best pleased, to tell 'ee the truth. He did say to another chap what told I arterwards, 'Well, there,' he did say, 'that feller is jist about cunnin'—*he* did know where to clap his paws!'"

Still chuckling over this past triumph, Zachary began to fill his pipe, while Honesty bustled about the limited space, making preparations for the evening meal.

It was a warm night, and they left the door of the van open as much for the sake of coolness as on account of their interest in the proceedings outside. The noise and bustle were increasing every moment; the roundabouts or merry-go-rounds were taking up their quarters, the helter-skelter was being erected in a prominent position flanked by a line of swing boats. Two rival proprietors of shooting galleries were squabbling for an eligible site, while sundry families of gipsies dominated the din with shrill cries and loud-voiced arguments. The barking of dogs and neighing of horses mingled with the sound of hammering and creaking machinery. In the distance the rumbling wheels of the late-comers could be faintly heard; and from the village a hundred yards or so away the occasional lowing of a cow joined in the medley of sounds.

"'Tis as good as a play, isn't it, little 'ooman?" asked Zachary, sucking contentedly at his pipe as she paused, frying-pan in hand, to look out of the doorway for the fortieth time. "But I'm gettin' a bit sharp-set all the same."

"Supper 'ull be ready in a minute," returned she, apologetically. "I'll light the lamp and then I'll start frying the sausages."

Taking down the lamp from its shelf, she trimmed and lighted it; as the flame leaped up when she replaced the chimney, a man who had been standing a few paces away from their van came forward. He was an elderly fellow, dressed like a farmer, his soft felt hat being pushed somewhat to the back of his grizzled head, and thus fully displaying his ruddy, good-tempered face set in a fringe of white beard.

"Why, 'tis never you, Honesty Cuff!"

"Shart's the name now," said Zachary, removing his pipe, and winking facetiously.

"Oh!" rejoined the other, "You did marry some relation o' your uncle's then?"

He addressed himself to Honesty, but turned and looked at Zachary. "Yet I can't call to mind as I ever clapped eyes on you, Maister, though there's scarce a week as I don't look in at Pendleton Farm to see the wold gentleman. Many's the time as Miss Honesty—Mrs. Shart, I should say—have made tea for the two of us."

"'Tis Mr. Rideout, Zachary," said Honesty in a low voice; "'tis true—he's a great friend of Uncle Jonathan's. I did often see him there."

"Step in, do, Mr. Rideout," cried Zachary heartily; "any friend o' my wife's is a friend o' mine. We be jist a-goin' to have a cup o' tea and a bite wi' it. Honesty will show ye as she hasn't forgotten how to make tea since she's took to travellin'."

The farmer did not wait for a second invitation, but clambered up the steps and into the interior of the vehicle, with a chuckle of delighted curiosity.

"You do seem oncommon snug up here," he exclaimed. "Well, there, 'tis the first time I've ever sat down to a meal in a van."

"I'm just a-goin' to warm up some sausages," said Honesty, "it 'ull not take long—they be cooked a'ready. 'Tis just to hot 'em up."

She hooked off the top of the stove, shaking her pan over the glowing coals beneath; a savory odor was soon wafted towards the nostrils of the hungry men.

Presently Zachary rose and laid the table for the meal, and scrambling over the visitor's legs to the door, stood brandishing an empty kettle.

"Stanley! Where has that bwoy hid hisself now? Stanley!"

"I'm comin'," rejoined the youth, in his usual sulky tones, and his lanky form came shambling forwards out of the dusk.

"Fill this kettle and be sprack."

"Where shall I find water, then?"

"Don't make yourself out a bigger sammy nor you are by nater," responded Zachary good-humoredly. "You've got a tongue in your head, I suppose. be off and don't waste no more time."

After an appreciable interval Stanley reappeared carrying the kettle, which at the moment of his departure from the pump had possibly been full, but which in consequence of careless walking, and promiscuous "gawking" during his progress had offered copious libations to unknown gods.

"Not above half full," commented his master, taking it from Stanley's willing hand. "Ye didn't look where ye were goin', my lad. Well, well, 'tis you what will have to suffer for it. If teapot doesn't last out it's you what will go shart."

Presently frizzling sausages lay upon the three hot plates on the table, and the brown teapot was deposited in the centre of that somewhat narrow board.

"Ye be so good a housekeeper as ever, I see," said Mr. Rideout, addressing Honesty. "Many's the time I've praised ye to your uncle. Poor wold gentleman, he will be like to miss ye!"

"Have you seen Uncle Jonathan lately?" inquired Honesty, pushing his cup towards him.

"Ees, I do see en mostly every week. He's terr'ble changed."

"Is he?" cried she anxiously.

"'Ees, he's falterin' sadly these last few months. Ye did ought to go and see him, Mrs. Shart, now ye be so near—'twould put new life i' the poor wold man."

Honesty cast a quick glance at her husband, whose attention seemed entirely concentrated on his sausage, and then said hesitatingly:

"We be so busy just now, ye see, Mr. Rideout; I don't know if we could spare the time."

"Why, where be ye bound for next?" asked the farmer, setting his knife and fork on end.

Again Honesty hesitated and glanced at her husband.

"Stalbridge," said Zachary, without looking up from his plate.

"Why Sturminster's acshally on your road then," cried Mr. Rideout.

"You do all but pass your uncle's very door. I should think you'd like to pop in for a hour or so to see how Mr. Shart do find hisself."

A pause ensued, during which Zachary demolished the remainder of his sausage and polished his plate with bread.

"Well, dalled if I can make it out," said Rideout, looking from one to the other. "Here's thik wold uncle of yours what so good as brought ye up, with one foot so to speak i' th' grave, and here be you two, good-natured enough seemin'ly—I did allus reckon ye so when I knowed ye, Mrs. Shart—a-travellin' past his very gate and yet ye won't take the trouble to look in at en!"

Zachary pushed back his plate and glanced up:

"'Tisn't along of it's bein' a trouble to we, Mr. Rideout," he said mildly; "'tis because me and my cousins over to Pendleton don't speak."

"Don't speak?" echoed the farmer, pushing his hat a little further to the back of his head and staring at Short in surprise. "'Tis the first time I've ever met any man what had a grudge agin' wold Jonathan."

"I haven't a grudge again' him," corrected Zachary; "I've nothin' at all again' him—but him an' me don't speak."

"Well, that's a funny tale! Was it you what offended the wold man then? Yet if I do know neighbor Shart he's the last man in the world to bear malice."

"An' he'd have no need to bear malice again' me," retorted Zachary, with some heat. "I've never wronged any man, nor yet offended any man what I knows on, but my father did fall out wi' Jonathan Shart afore I were barn, and he did never speak to him, an' what my father did do I've a-done."

"Well," exclaimed Rideout in a scandalized tone, "I never heard o' such a thing! 'Tis downright onchristian, onnait'al—an' what's more, 'tis pure foolishness."

Zachary rolled his head from side to side with the air of a man who was unconvinced.

"That's a matter of opinion," he returned. "My father was a good man—the best I ever knowed—what was good enough for he is good enough for I. I do try for to follow in his footsteps. He wasn't the man to pick a quarrel wi'out good cause, and if he did think it right to quarrel with Jonathan Shart I do think it right to keep it up."

Rideout clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"From the way ye do speak a body 'ud think ye didn't so much as know what the quarrel was about," he exclaimed.

"No more I do," said Zachary firmly, "but I know whatever 'twas, my father had the right on his side."

The farmer stared at him for a moment, drew a long breath, and then turned to Honesty:

"My dear, ye did ought to try and persuade your husband to act different," he said. "Thik quarrel—if quarrel there was—your husband don't so much as know what it was about! One party to it is dead and gone, and t'other 'ull soon follow. And he's a good man too, mind ye, and he was good to you when ye was a little maid and was glad to bide wi' him. He treated ye same as if ye was a child of his own and grudged ye nothin', an' he has to bide in his chimney carner day after day, sick and lwonesome, wi' nobody to make a little change for him, or hearten him up from one week end to another—wi'out 'tis me—and here ye be within a stone's throw of him, and ye won't so much as pass the time o' day to him! It do seem to I a bit ungrateful, Mrs.

Shart—a bad return for past favors I do call it."

Tears stood in Honesty's eyes but she made no reply.

"Well, I wish ye good evening then," said Rideout, rising with an abruptness which nearly overturned his chair. "No, I don't want no more tea, thank ye. Mrs. Shart—another bite or sup i' this place 'ud choke me."

The van shook as he hastily descended the steps, and Honesty, after a scared look in the direction of his retreating figure, covered her face with her hands.

"I'll have another cup o' tea," said Zachary.

She wiped her eyes and replenished his cup, the contents of which, however, he left untasted for some time, though he thoughtfully stirred them round and round. Suddenly he looked up: Honesty was again wiping her eyes.

"Be you cryin' still?" he asked.

"I don't like folks to call I ungrateful," sobbed she.

"Hard words break no bwones," remarked Zachary.

"And I—I do feel terr'ble sorry as poor Uncle Jonathan is so bad. 'Tis true he was allus good to me—he was as fond of me as if I was his own child. And now when he's sick and lwonesome—as Mr. Rideout did say—he'll think it crule o' me not to go an' see en."

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Zachary continued to stir his tea round and round though the sugar had long ago melted.

"Would ye like to go an' see en?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, if I mid!" cried she. "There, Zachary, I would be thankful if ye'd let me. If ye didn't like to go too near the place yourself I could go by train from Shillingstone when us do leave here, and meet you again at Stalbridge."

"No," said Zachary, "if you do go, my dear, I'll go."

Setting his spoon in his saucer he emptied his cup at a draught, staring at her solemnly over the rim. Honesty looked dubious:

"I don't like to force ye against your will," she said hesitatingly.

"It 'ull not be again' my will," returned he. "There's a deal o' sense in what thik wold chap said, though it did never strike I to think that way before. When one party's dead an' gone, an' t'other wi' one foot in the grave 'tis a bit foolish to keep up a quarrel. When us do leave this place, little 'ooman, us 'ull travel round by Pendleton, and it 'ull not be my fault if Cousin Jonathan Shart and me doesn't make friends. Well—what do ye say to that?"

"I say thank ye," rejoined Honesty; but she spoke in a faint voice and remained thoughtful throughout the evening.

(To be continued.)

WINTER TRAVEL.

An ingenous apologist of the Canadian winter has demonstrated, at any rate to her own satisfaction, that its severity fosters the hearth spirit among a community drawn from many nations, some of which, at least, are, in their original homes, not remarkable for the domestic virtues; and even if this particular instance be farfetched, the influence of climate, and of its lesser manifestations which we call weather, on the character and cus-

toms of races cannot well be exaggerated. It is the result of climate, rather than of temperament, that the natives of these islands are such passionate colonizers and inveterate tourists, going gaily forth to the ends of the earth to make their homes where they earn their bread, or, in lighter vein, making short journeys, chiefly southward, for a change of scene and weather. In one of the less hackneyed of his two-edged sayings, King Charles II. once remarked of the English climate that "it invites men abroad on more days of the year than that of any other country." It does. It invites many people abroad just as often as they are free to go, and it invests the dry tables of the Continental Bradshaw with a romance that in kinder climates it would lack. Indeed, the relation of rainfall to "run off" has, for some of us, a homely significance wholly distinct from its technical interest for the experts of geological surveys.

It is mainly to escape from the gloom of an English winter, which reminds us of Apollo's command that Alcmæon, slayer of his mother, should hide in a land ignored by the sun, that these happy folk take up their beds and walk. Yet another English summer like the one we have lately survived might well turn men's thoughts to climates like that of British East Africa, where, as Lord Cranworth says,[1] "June, July and August are the glory of the year." Scientifically, our winter is about a week shorter than our summer, but in recent experience it is some fifty weeks longer; and the absence of sun brings pious longing for Joshua's intelligent anticipation of the Daylight Saving Bill. Yet, even with our summers at their worst, two considerations keep many people at home at that season. First, there is the continuous round of outdoor social functions; second, there is the knowledge that popular playgrounds, like Switzerland and the South of France, are not at their best in the summer months. The first is too mild for those who love Alpine sports, and attracts only the mountain-climber; the second is too hot for those who stifle when the thermometer is above 80° F.

These two regions, than which it would, indeed, be difficult to name any more dissimilar in climate or scenery, illustrate the alternate reasons which move most folk to winter abroad: either to enjoy those strenuous ice sports precluded by our slushy winters at home, or to bask in daily sunshine unobtainable in countries north of 40°. For those who are devoted to English field sports, an English winter, however unpalatable to their neighbors, must always have irresistible attraction, since the shooting man is undismayed by grey skies, and the hunting man is grateful for prolonged thaw. Those, however, who either live in cities or lack enthusiasm for such sport, have no affection for winter nights "when icicles hang by the wall," and find life anything but jolly when the winter wind is blowing and the bitter sky is freezing. On the contrary, they turn for comfort to their time-tables, and at the first opportunity they occupy a berth on the luxurious "Mediterranean express." Thus only may they forget the November nightmare of Victoria in the golden radiance of Cannes, or in the exhilarating atmosphere of St. Moritz, twenty-four hours later, taking advantage of one of those magic-carpet miracles of which the modern tourist agent makes so little. Martial, knowing only ancient Rome, called December the "smoky month." What words would he have found to describe that month in modern London?

Doleful as is our climate at its

[1] "A Colony in the Making."

worst, none other is perfect. All that can reasonably be effected is a temporary change for the better. English people commonly associate the Italian winter with Paradise, but the Italians themselves are free from all such illusion.[3] The ancient Romans, indeed, hated winter, as witness the interesting Latin tags collected by Sir Archibald Geikie in his admirable essay on a little-discussed aspect of social life among the ancients.[3] Thus, Lucretius refers to the cold that sets men's teeth chattering. Horace gives thanks for the ending of winter. Ovid is glad that "ice-mantled winter now at length departs." True, the Romans had their winter sports (*Epod.* II. 29), but many of them, none the less, impatiently awaited the coming of spring, and those whose homes were in the hills habitually spent the coldest weather at the seaside. It is true that the extreme rigors of the Italian winter are confined to the higher altitudes inland. Yet even the sea-level climate of the Riviera has its blemishes. The glory of the sun is too often dimmed by the treacherous *bise* and depressing *mistral*, two of the most evil winds let loose on Europe. To the Provençal this accursed *mistral* may sing of home, but the only man not of that nationality who called it friend was Nietzsche. Perhaps he found in its desolating blast kinship with his own more bitter mood; perhaps he was a super-tourist, since, whereas most of us have to be satisfied with the circumference of the modern earth, he tells us that his one ambition was to travel over the circumference of the modern soul.

[3] The erroneous belief that the winter is a warm season anywhere in the latitude of Naples is widespread in this country. When contemplating a winter in Constantinople some years ago, I was gravely advised to take only light clothing. Fortunately, I made further inquiry, and found the results confirmed by snowstorms and blizzards that lasted for weeks.

[3] "The Love of Nature among the Romans."

Even this ideal winter retreat has, in its day, suffered from both flood and frost.[4] In 1330, for instance, rain fell continuously for six months, which must have brought the Riviera winter very near our English summer. In 1694, torrential rains brought about the collapse of a hill. In 1744, the Paillon rose high enough to sweep away a regiment of soldiers. In 1563, frost killed all the orange trees, and they were again destroyed by snow and ice in 1709, 1767, and 1819. True, such abnormal weather was rare enough to attract the notice of historians, but its periodic recurrence is a reminder that what has been may be.

It is for the sunshine they would lack at home that English tourists winter anywhere between Marseilles and Spezzia. As Stevenson said, there is something in the mere mention of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it, and tourists are driven south at the first menace of winter just as, in the Lowlands of Scotland, grouse come down into farmlands in the valleys as soon as the hilltops are powdered with snow. Every healthy human being is a sun-worshipper at heart, and comparatively few would be indifferent to the taunt of the Parsee who, when laughed at by a Londoner for worshipping the sun, retorted, "Ah, if you could only occasionally see it!"

It is no strenuous ideal of travel that packs these towns of the Riviera with winter visitors. Their outdoor exercise is confined to an occasional round on the golf links outside Nice or Cannes, or on the mountain over Monaco, or to a set on the tennis courts in their hotel garden. For the rest, they seek, according to their taste and temperament, either the excitement provided by saloons crowded with gamblers like themselves, or the

[4] See Loveland: "The Romance of Nice."

repose of hillsides ablaze with sweet-scented flowers. There is no need to criticize either choice. To the one, breaking himself on the wheel, to the other the silence of a garden, represents the ideal holiday. For my neighbors what they please; but for me, always, loitering on the viaduct that spans the Gorges du Loup, or beneath the trees on the peaceful Iles des Lerins, or rambling amid the flower-beds of Ospedaletti, or, with a pocket Dante for company, along the winding banks of the smooth Entella.[8] Dickens revelled in the loveliness of the coast-road between Genoa and Spezzia, and there is, perhaps, no other, even westward along the Corniche, to equal it in all the Riviera.

Those who winter abroad for warmth, not content with the pale radiance of the northern littoral of the Mediterranean, unattracted by the wheel-fever of Monte Carlo, the gay boulevards of Nice, or the Anglo-Russian society of Cannes, must go further afield, to Egypt, Uganda, India, or the West Indies. Algiers may, with some reservation, be regarded as a compromise between the Riviera and Egypt. It is warmer than the first, without its treacherous sunsets. It is cooler than the second, but, as winter includes its rainy season, it is also less dry. Biskra is drier, and it is only disagreeably hot in winter when the thirsty sirocco blows up from the desert, raising appalling clouds of dust and putting everyone, resident and visitor alike, out of humor. The mountain breezes, on the other hand, are refreshing; the nights are much colder than the days; and the atmosphere is of an amazing clearness that can be realized only on the spot and that photographers, in particular, give thanks for.

The tourist's Egypt is so warmly appreciated by Americans that the occupation seems British in name only during the winter months. Ears attuned to more restrained accents are occasionally offended by the "English" that echoes in the Hall of Columns, yet, these and some other drawbacks notwithstanding, December in the Nile delta is an undeniably lovable month. Here are none of the treacherous blasts that shrivel humanity in the maritime foothills of the Alps, none of the depressing mists that sometimes shroud the Esterels and brood over the Corniche. Here is a lasting symphony in blue and gold, a triumphant succession of rainless days, a happy release from the Christmas-card jollity of the frozen north. He who sees the New Year in at Cairo will hardly regret the keen east wind that blows through leafless woods at home. Purposeless the life may be, but *maalish!* Let to-morrow bring its own troubles—it is good to live to-day in the sun. The climate of Cairo itself is damper than that of Upper Egypt, and the mornings may even be foggy. Yet, compared with that of Northern Europe at the same season, it may be termed very dry. The mean winter temperature is probably below 60° F., December and January being the coolest months. There is little rain and no snow, though, sitting on the terrace of Shepherd's, I have seen hailstones as large as any we get at home. The worst feature of Cairo is its dust, and the dust is anything but clean. The water of the Nile should be drunk only when boiled, and malarial mosquitoes must be guarded against day and night. On the whole, perhaps, the best advice to all who contemplate a winter in Egypt, even to those already familiar with other aspects of the East, is "Follow the man from Cook's!"

The popularity of British East

[8] See Lees: "Wanderings on the Italian Riviera."

Africa as a winter resort is to some extent prejudiced by the fact that, lying as it does south of the Equator, its summer synchronises with our winter. Yet though the winter perfection of its climate corresponds with the season we call midsummer, there is no good reason why cold-blooded folk should not keep Christmas at Nairobi, since, according to Lord Cranworth, even the summer temperature does not much exceed 80°F., and normally falls to 60°F., in the evenings. Unlike the majority of popular winter resorts, moreover, the Protectorate holds out varied attractions to the sportsman, for the big-game shooting is unsurpassed in the whole of Africa, and the fishing, in both river and sea, is also out of the common. What the tourist must, however, keep in mind is that he is in Equatorial Africa, and if July and August are described in settlers' vernacular as "cold" months, they are by no means so in the English sense of the word.[6] The hot sun and rarefied air combine to make men moody and out of sorts, a result attributed by Sir Frederick Treves to the white man's ignorance of the peculiar climatic conditions of this recently acquired territory. Time will teach its lessons, and meanwhile the climate of Uganda, four or five thousand feet above the ocean, shows neither extreme of heat nor cold, and, with some little variation in different years, June and July are dry months.

For those who can afford the expense, and whose health will bear the somewhat heavy calls of a tour in the gorgeous East, India is an ideal land to winter in, since the "cold weather," particularly in the Punjab, lasts from October to March. The tourist is not likely to settle in one spot, as he would in Europe, but will in all probability plan a round tour, landing at Bombay and re-embarking at Calcutta with Peshawur as his farthest objective; and in three or four months he should be able to include a dash to the hills and a glimpse of many of the great cities and historic monuments of that wonderful empire.

The lure of the West Indies is different, and rest rather than sight-seeing is the keynote of these resorts. Here are the Isles of Sleep, in which, catching the infection of laziness from the colored folk, a man may dream away the winter of his content in a climate not, perhaps, the most invigorating in the North Atlantic, but certainly, for an idle holiday, among the most enjoyable in winter time. Nearest to Southampton, on the track of the Royal Mail Company's boats, lies Barbados, a breezy island to windward of the rest and planted right in the teeth of the north-east trades. While it lacks the mountain scenery that beautifies its Leeward neighbors, as well as Trinidad and Jamaica it has *en revanche* complete immunity from malaria and comparative absence of hurricanes. Malaria is an absentee, thanks to the inhospitable treatment of the disease-carrying *Anopheles*, which, thoroughly at home in the rest of the archipelago, has nowhere to lay its eggs in Barbados. This island also lies outside the zone of the hurricanes that, elsewhere in the West Indies, periodically devastate both shipping and plantations, though their fury is usually spent before the coming of the winter tourists. Indeed, the negroes have an old adage that recalls that current in rural England about the cuckoo:

> "June, too soon.
> July, stand by!
> August, come it must.
> September, remember.
> October, all over."[7]

Tourists bound for the Leeward Islands transfer at Bridgetown to the

[6] See Treves: "Uganda for a Holiday."

[7] See Aspinall: "A Pocket Guide to the West Indies."

intercolonial boat, and these remoter islands include some of the finest scenery in the Caribbean: the hill and vale beauties of well-watered Dominica; the wooded slopes of Soufrière in Montserrat; the sugarloaf peak of Nevis, an island rich in memories of Nelson's ill-starred marriage; the flatter charms of waterless Antigua. In the direct course of the mail steamer from Southampton, Trinidad comes after Barbados, and the purely tropical character of this beautiful island is apparent to anyone approaching Port of Spain in the ship moving half-speed through mud washed down by the Orinoco. A closer acquaintance reveals hillsides gay with *flamboyant* and hibiscus, and with the riot of roses in old French gardens, by contrast with which the sultry brink of the Pitch Lake might well make a background for scenes in Dante. Jamaica is by far the largest of the British islands in that region, and is accounted, with the possible exception of Dominica, the gem of the whole tiara of emeralds. To the tourist it also offers greater variety of sport and scenery than any of the rest. Its mountains are lofty, and its rivers swift and well stocked with mountain mullet and, in their lowest reaches, with tarpon. The temperatures vary with the altitude. On winter nights at the Moneague the thermometer may fall to 45°F., but in and round Kingston the daily range would be between 60° and 85°. At Montego Bay, on the north side of the island, the tourist will find the finest sea-bathing in the world. This is at Doctor's Cave, a short distance from the town. So clear is the water that the eye can see a threepenny piece lying on the bottom in three fathoms. So soft is the sand that it feels like silk. There are no sharks to scare swimmers, and no quicksands to trouble those who only wade.

Cuba, despite its official Americanization, retains much of the color and picturesqueness of the old Spanish *régime*. As, however, prices in Havana are rapidly approximating to those of New York, with no more value than can be had in Kingston for half the money, it is not probable that the island will seriously attract English visitors for a long stay, though being, from its situation only just within the tropics, cooler than the rest, it is worth at any rate a short visit. Among the enduring memories of Havana are its green parks and busy streets, the enthusiasm of the crowd at contests of *jai alai* (which is the *pelota* of Biarritz under another name), the serene beauty of the Morro by moonlight, and the fascinating spectacle of a cigar factory when the gates are thrown open and there emerges a great throng of dark-skinned women, singing, laughing, chattering, quarrelling, just as if, for all the world, they were rehearsing a chorus in *Carmen*.

Madeira offers something of the warmth of the West Indies. There are no hurricanes, and there is little fever, though the spectre of plague occasionally stalks through this lovely island, paralysing its trade and ruining its tourist traffic. Most of those who land at Funchal look upon it merely as a halt on the Cape route, but it is affectionately regarded by many winter tourists, who stay for weeks either at Reid's hotel or in a furnished *quinta* in the hills.

M. Bergson tells us, quoting appropriate authorities for the statement, that those parts of the body which feel the cold are not the same as those that feel the heat, but such fine distinctions of sensibility will scarcely appeal to the average tourist when, in winter or in summer, he feels the call of the road. So far, we have glanced at such resorts only as attract people abroad in winter for the sake

of the warmth and sunshine that they cannot find at home. Others, however, seek colder, drier winters, with weeks of unbroken frost in which they can skate, *ski*, or sledge without the daily disappointment of a thaw. Canada, Norway, Switzerland and Russia are among the lands in which Nature offers the necessary conditions.

Canada which, though under the British flag, exacts American prices for her hospitality, is attractive only to those of robust physique, since the midwinter mood of Our Lady of the Snows is severe for ordinary tastes. In the cities of the Dominion, however, these rigors notwithstanding, winter is the gay season, if only because, at any rate in the middle section, from Montreal to the Rockies, the cities are at their worst in summer time. On the other hand, the intense cold of the Canadian winter is guarded against indoors by scientific heating and in the open air by suitable clothing. With such aids to comfort, Canadians regard this as the heyday of their year, a glad season of skating and tobogganing under conditions more natural than any dreamed of at Andermatt or Davos. Of Norway the winter vogue is in what biologists term a condition of arrested development, though a certain number of winter visitors go north in the early weeks of the year to enjoy those extremes of snow and ice which the less appreciative Norsemen of olden time regarded as *jötunn*, or evil spirits, at war on mankind. The reason for the standstill in the progress of Norway as a winter resort is that towards Easter the Norwegians want their hotels for themselves and grudge foreigners any of the accommodation. It is, in fact, an open secret that this attitude, so different from that of the Swiss, effectually baffled Sir Henry Lunn, one of the pioneers in developing *ski*-ing centres, in his efforts to make that northern playground popular as a change from Switzerland. Swiss winter sports have been exhaustively advertised of late years, and must now be among the most valued assets of tourist agencies. Half a century ago the winter lure of that lovely land was all unknown, but as Mr. D'Auvergne says, "the Swiss delightedly awakened to the commercial possibilities of snow and ice."[8] No one can blame a *nation boutiquière* for taking advantage of its heritage so as to profit at the expense of the foreigner. Since, a little more than forty years ago, Davos was first recommended by English physicians as a cold cure for chest patients, winter visitors have not been slow to find out the attractions at this season of St. Moritz, Grindelwald, Adelboden, Beatenberg, Zermatt, and, to a lesser extent, Montreux, with Caux, Les Avants, and other frosted glories of the Bernese Oberland behind it. There are admittedly seasons—that of 1911-12 is generally execrated as a case in point—in which the Christmas weather is not all that the schoolmasters, undergraduates, and other strenuous folk could wish it. Too often, as they stand at the window and watch the pitiless thaw, their hearts must echo the pathetic cry of Villon,

"Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?"

Too often, at the lower levels, comes a long succession of disappointing days, such as that vigorous old sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, condemns, under other skies, as "nasty, foggy, rotten, undertaker's weather." It is to the high places that members of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club resort during the Christmas vacation and "bob" and skate, and even dine and make speeches.[9] Switzerland of the high places, the Mecca of these winter pilgrims, presents scenes very

[8] See "Switzerland in Sunshine and Snow;" and Bonney: "The Building of the Alps."
[9] See "The Year Book for 1913."

different from those of summer Switzerland of the lake shores. Those who love the sun-kissed valleys carpeted with jonquil and narcissus, and merry with the laughter of children driving the goats and cattle in from the pastures at sunset, will find a lack of charm in the sternly athletic atmosphere in which co-operative parties while away the Christmas holidays on the Cresta Run. Sunshine and shelter from harsh winds make the Davos Christmas lovable. Nearly five thousand winter visitors flock each season to the upper end of the valley, sledging on the Schatzalp course, *ski*-ing down from the hut on the Parsenn Furka or down the Kerbshorn, skating or curling on the rinks. At St. Moritz, another popular winter resort, may be seen the sport of *skikjöring*, in which horses are driven over the snow by men on *ski*. Such delights are to be enjoyed all over that vast white plateau, from the Austrian frontier westward to Mont-Soleil, in the Bernese Jura. Yet this winter Switzerland of the tourist must needs strike the ultra-fastidious as just a little common. In summer time the tourist trail is thinner, for it spreads over a wider surface of lake and city. It is, with the exercise of a little ingenuity, possible in June to get afar from the professional sightseer and to rusticate amid an agricultural peasantry whose one idea is not the *Fremden-Industrie*. When, however, the acres are in the iron grip of winter, husbandry is at a standstill, and all who are not busy fleecing the stranger within the gates seem to burrow out of sight like the marmots of their native hills.

Russia, like Canada, is a land in which, taught by bitter experience, people know how to spend the winter. St. Petersburg, a dour and foggy city at the best of times, is certainly seen at its brightest when horsed *droschkes* and sledges drawn by dogs or deer bowl merrily over the frozen Neva. Moscow is far more beautiful, and the vivid colors and gilded domes of Kremlin, as I last saw them sparkling with frost, are unforgettable. It must be infinitely preferable in winter to its northern rival, for the modern capital of all the Russias can scarcely, even by its coldest admirers, be called an ideal winter resort. Knowing both in November, I unhesitatingly award the palm to London. Built on the swampy shore of the Gulf of Finland, St. Petersburg lives through six months of indescribably depressing gloom. The fond dream of Peter the Great took strange shape, and he exacted a heavy price from his loyal *boyars* for the dubious privilege of the coveted window that should open on Europe. Those, however, who like the real thing will find the Russian winter four days nearer home than that of Canada, for the Nord-Express takes the traveller comfortably in little more than forty hours from Ostend to Petersburg.

The charm of such a visit to Russia lies, perhaps, in the unusual combination of a cold climate with those restful habits which we more commonly associate with hot countries farther south.[10] Time seems to be no object, particularly at meals, and a Russian banquet is one of the most protracted functions of the kind in all the world. The *zakuska* alone, a stand-up meal of *hors d'œuvre*, may last for half an hour, and, indeed, so excellent are the caviare, the cold sterlet, *rebchik* (a native partridge), and smoked herrings, washed down with vodke or kwass, that the time might be worse spent by anyone with a respect for good cooking. The banquet that follows recalls the wildest days of Lucullus, with its infinite variety of hot and cold soups, fish, game, *schaslik*, *pirojki*, and so

[10] See Wood: "The Tourist's Russia."

forth; and I never got more than halfway through a Russian dinner without a breathless memory of Quinn's request, when he was a guest of one of the City Companies, that he might be allowed to take the rest out in cash. The Russian language is as rich as its neighbors in homely proverbs, but few are more frequently honored than that which says that "a large piece makes the mouth happy." St. Petersburg, one of the most hospitable cities in the world, only wakes up about noon, and the social gaiety lasts far into next day. A fur coat will be found indispensable, and either goloshes or snow-boots will be welcomed by many who would tolerate neither at home. Let the tourist (male or female) be cautioned against smoking in the open air. Even the padded *isvoschiks*, who sit on their box-seat through blaze or blizzard with the same calm serenity, rarely smoke out of doors in winter, for the effect is damaging to the throat. These Russian coachmen are the most patient sufferers I ever met in their capacity, east or west. They have to sit outside the opera in the falling snow for hours, and have been known to freeze to death. Of this tragedy one may say, with Dante, that

"*Necessità l'induce e non diletto,*"

since they are, literally, unable to descend from their perch till lifted down by the ostler on getting back to their stable.

Winter travel, then, with its definite object, lacks the spirit of the *Wanderlust*, which should have no object at all, loving travel for its own sake in the winning mood of Stevenson's, "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go." The goal is everything; the journey but a means to an end. to be performed as quickly as possible in the warm comfort of the *train de luxe*. So far, at any rate, as Europe is concerned, travel for its own sake is a summer joy. It is delightful in the warm days of June to ramble through Switzerland or the Black Forest, but in the shorter daylight and uncertain weather of December the tourist goes straight to his journey's end, and stays there until it is time to go north again with the first of the swallows. His one object is to escape from a climate not unlike that described by the Spaniard as consisting of *diez mezes de invierno y dos de infierno*. Also he may be informed with the desire to get away, if only for a little, from the silly fret of humanity and to rest his tired eyes on the exalting prospect of the great spaces. The inspiration of such retreat is to be found in the Psalmist's

"Lo, then would I get me away far off
and remain in the wilderness,"

with which Thomas à Kempis took leave of a naughty world. Seeing him, in an old engraving, seated beside the windmill that slowly turned beside the monastery of St. Agnes, his books beside him, and on his books what dimly suggests a well-smoked pipe, I have felt envious of that untroubled life.

Winter travel is a consequence of our climate. Some day, perhaps, the nations, wearying of their armaments, may devote their surplus millions to the building of that gigantic jetty planned to intercept the Labrador current and to prevent it from mingling its icy flood with the Gulf Stream. Then, no doubt, Oban and Omsk will become fashionable winter resorts. But until then, I imagine, happy *hiverneurs* from both Scotland and Siberia will continue to spend their winters, if not in the flesh then certainly in the spirit, in the kinder conditions of Cannes or Cairo.

F. G. Aflalo.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE FAERY POETRY OF MR. W. B. YEATS.

Mr. Yeats is fond of dwelling in his public speeches, in his private conversation, and in his written works, on the famous legend of Oisin, the bard. In "The Wanderings of Oisin," perhaps the noblest of his poems, the story is related at length. Oisin, living in the Ireland of Pre-Christian days, falls in love with the faery Niam, and for her sake deserts his comrades, the legendary heroes of Ireland, deserts also the whole human world, and rides out with her to the land of faery. With Niam for three hundred years he wanders in happiness. But at the end of that period, the memory of his comrades returns to him, and he yearns one more to visit the world of human things. He returns. But he returns to an Ireland altogether changed. St. Patrick has brought Christianity, has driven out the old turbulent pagan joy of life, and has replaced it with fastings and prayers, with the sadness which follows on the attainment of moral consciousness. The world has grown up, grown old. In place of the joy of youth, there have come upon it the cares, the responsibilities, the sorrows of manhood. It is Christianity which has worked the change. It has taken away the innocence of men, and has given them the consciousness of sin, the knowledge of good and evil, and all the sadness that follows from that knowledge. Instead of heroes and hunters there are priests and confessors. Legend has passed into history, the happy world of imagination, the golden age, into the brutal world of fact. Oisin's comrades are dead, unregarded, dishonored, their hounds "for centuries dust and air." Oisin himself returns, relic of a lost era, a wandering unwelcome being in a strange world, not understood, not respected, lonely. The poem ends with the passionate refusal of the ancient bard to embrace the new faith. He will stand by the memories of the heroes of old, by the pagan spirit of joy which their lives expressed. When he dies he will go back to his comrades, "be they at flames or at feast."

Now all this is not to Mr. Yeats merely a beautiful and touching tale. Evidently it stands for an idea. Throughout the poem prominence is given to the contrast between ancient joy and modern fret. The fact that Christianity is accountable for the change appears to be accidental to the poem and not essential. It is in no way an attack on or a criticism of Christianity. Any other agency which could have turned the big joyous children, heroes and hunters, of the old world, into the thought-ridden, care-driven men of the modern world, would have served his purpose equally well. It is the idea of the change itself which is essential. The poem breathes throughout an atmosphere of wistful regret for the passing of the ancient joy, the joy that was childlike, without care, that recked not for the morrow. The greatness, the divinity of joy, that is the meaning which lies most obviously on the surface of the work. Joy is to Mr. Yeats, what Love was to Shelley, what Beauty was to Keats. This thought is expressed by the faeries in the following words—

"God is joy and joy is God,
And things that have grown sad are wicked,
And things that fear the dawn of morrow,
Or the grey wandering osprey Sorrow."

In another passage, which is marked by marvellous delicacy of texture and

beauty of suggestion, we find joy represented as the creative spirit of the universe, the spirit that upholds and informs all life—

"Joy drowns the twilight in the dew,
And fills with stars night's purple cup,
And wakes the sluggard seeds of corn,
And stirs the young kid's budding horn,
And makes the infant ferns unwrap,
And for the peewit paints his cap,
And rolls along the unwieldy sun,
And makes the little planets run:
And if Joy were not on the earth,
There were an end of change and birth,
And earth and heaven and hell would die,
And in some gloomy barrow lie,
Folded like a frozen fly."

This being so we are naturally led to inquire what kind of joy is thus affirmed to be the secret of life. Or what—to look at the matter from the opposite side—is the nature of that fret and sorrow which in the real world of to-day seems to have quenched the divine spark? We require some further determination and definition of this joy which is identical with God. What are its sources and its inspiration? In attempting to answer such questions we must, of course, never forget that we are dealing with a lyric poet, who in the nature of the case has no nicely rounded system to offer us, no mere didactic exposition of abstract ideas. Mr. Yeats is an artist, not a philosopher. If we are in search of a practical receipt for the attainment of happiness, we must go elsewhere. It may be that in his presentation of joy we shall find merely a beautiful poetic dream, a visionary ideal, impossible of attainment, yet lovely and inspiring to contemplate. And another pitfall which must be avoided is that of supposing that the ideas which, under the searchlight of criticism, we may find to underlie the poet's art, are necessarily intentional or even conscious on his part. The most sincere ideas of an artist are often those which he is unaware that he is expressing, but which creep into all his work because they are part of his temperamental way of looking at things.

The critical search-light must, however, be used. And in order to arrive at some conclusion we shall study for a little those supernatural beings, the faeries, which form so large a part of the subject-matter of the poems. Their relevancy may at first sight seem difficult of comprehension. But it will become apparent as we proceed.

The faeries of Mr. Yeats differ fundamentally from the faeries in any other literature, at any rate in our language. What kind of a being is the ordinary faery to whom we are accustomed? Briefly we may say that, in contrast to Mr. Yeats's conception, he is simply a toy. By a toy is meant that which has no other purpose than to amuse and please us. A toy is pretty or entertaining, but it means nothing. It stands for no idea. It has no serious import. For example, to the Philistine art and poetry appear as perhaps pretty ornaments of life, but as of no real importance beside practical affairs. That is to say, to him they are toys. But to the artist and the man of culture they seem the crown of life, things as vital and important as religion itself. The faeries of ordinary literature, then, are toys in this sense. In the conventional faery-tale they are introduced as strange and delightful little beings who have the power of amusing children, and those adults who are happy enough to retain children's hearts, by the wonderful tricks they can perform, miraculous gifts of rings or caps which make their wearers invisible, magical potions which endow riches or immortality, and a hundred other pretty or fantastic conceits. As we read about them

we are delighted, amused, moved to laughter or tears. But they mean nothing to us. They embody no serious criticism of life. They dance and sparkle. They please the eye like tinsel, but they convey nothing to the heart or brain.

But in Mr. Yeats's hands the conception is for the first time changed. For him the faeries have a real significance, symbolizing a thought, embodying a criticism of life, albeit that criticism is a poetic rather than a philosophic one. We shall begin our consideration of them by asking from what sources the poet drew his conception of these supernatural beings. We shall thus be able to see what material he found ready to his hand, and in what manner his genius has transformed it.

In Ireland the legend of the faeries, shortly put, comes to this. At the time of the war in Heaven, when Satan and his angels first rebelled against God and His angels, there arose among the celestials a third party. This party refused to fight for Satan, but they equally refused to fight for God. They remained neutral, waiting to see which side would gain the victory. When the forces of God had carried the day, when Satan and his crew were cast out of Heaven into the abyss, it remained to be decided what should be the fate of these neutral angels. As they had not fought for God, they were clearly unfit to remain in Heaven. As they had not fought for the devil, they were likewise not sufficiently depraved to share the doom of the bad spirits in Hell. A lesser punishment, an intermediate position, was therefore found for them. They were sent down into the earth to wander therein till the judgment-day. But they were at the same time deprived of their souls, so that, being no longer immortal, they will be annihilated at the last trump, and take no place in the final Kingdom of God. These are the faeries. They live on earth in the perpetual hope that some day, if they behave themselves, they will be forgiven, and that, their souls being returned to them, they will be allowed to regain their immortality and rejoin the celestial throng. We shall see presently that the fact that they have no souls is of the highest importance in the understanding of their significance in the poetry of their high-priest, Mr. Yeats.

Let us see now what our poet has made of his materials. It will be convenient shortly to state our conclusions first, and to support and amplify them by quotation from the poems afterwards. The faeries of Mr. Yeats are the embodiment of that joy which is consequent on a total absence of all restraints. This, however, requires considerable elucidation. In the world of human things lack of restraint is almost a synonym for evil and immorality. But in faeryland this is not so, and the reason is because faeries have no souls. This will be more fully intelligible as we proceed.

The natural state of life is joy; sorrow is unnatural. What is it in human souls that quenches the pristine fires of joy? What is it that makes us beings of sorrow and manifold cares? The answer is, restraint. Joy is "life abounding," a free, expansive, vaporous thing. If it is hemmed in, the result is sorrow, the clipping of life's wings. This restraint is of all kinds, and arises in all possible states of life. We exist, in the first place, in a universe ruled by law. The workings of the world are the workings of iron necessity. Nothing happens without a cause, and the same set of causes is invariably followed by the same effects. This therefore from the day of our birth imposes upon our actions a constant restraint. We must bow to the laws of the universe. To attain a

desired effect we must set in motion the proper causes. There is no other course open to us. In order to conquer, we must obey. This of course applies not only to man but to the whole natural creation, to the lowest worm as well as to the sublimest genius. But there is one form of restraint which is peculiar to man only. It is imposed on him by the fact that he alone possesses a soul, possesses self-consciousness, and, as a result of these, *moral* consciousness. For him there exist good and evil. He has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and on him therefore is laid as a necessity not only obedience to natural law, but obedience to the moral law also. Whatever course he pursues, cares and troubles lie in his path. If he does evil, evil will bring upon him its inevitable sorrows, its inevitable punishment. If he does good, there may indeed result happiness of a kind. But it is a happiness hedged in with the restraints of the moral law. Morality ordains that he shall be happy only so long as he permits himself to be caged. The birds of the air may sing on every bough, but the heart of man is permitted to rejoice only behind iron bars.

Now the common result of all these kinds of restraints is that spontaneous life is no longer possible. Every action must be done with conscious deliberation. There must be thought for the morrow, and thought for the morrow means care, anxiety, fretting, pain. A man cannot live, like a flower, for the sheer delight of the life of the moment. The lily toils not, neither does it spin. But the glory of a Solomon must be reached only by forethought, labor, anxious care. Hence the yearning for a state of life which knows of no restraint, where neither good nor evil any longer exist, any more than they exist for the rainbow, the lily, or the star, is a natural human feeling. It is not to be confused with the mere vulgar desire to fly from the restraints of morality to the licence of an evil life. For the bad man lives as much in the world where morality is a law, as the good. A man does not cease to be subject to the law of the land by becoming a criminal. And it is the same with moral as with legal bonds. The yearning of which we speak is for a state in which good and evil have no meaning at all. And this craving is the inspiration of a large part of the poetry of Mr. Yeats. In his faeryland and in his faeries he has embodied this idea. Let us see if it be not so.

In "The Wanderings of Oisin" two contrasts are insisted upon. The first is between the pagan joy of the legendary heroic age and the sadness and care of the Christian world to which, after three hundred years' absence, the bard returns. The second is between the perfect joy of the faery world to which Oisin is transported and the fretful sorrow of the real world of men. Something has already been said of the first contrast. Our business is now with the second, though in reality both are expressions of the same idea. The faeries are the embodiment of unbridled joy. It is they who proclaim that "God is joy, and joy is God." So great is their happiness, that when Oisin first goes to them from this world, and sings to them songs which he thinks express rapturous joy, they weep, and call his "joy," the highest known in our poor human world, mere sorrow.

"But when I sang of human joy
A sorrow wrapt each merry face,
And Patric! By your beard, they wept,
Until one came, a tearful boy;
'A sadder creature never stept
Than this strange human bard!' he cried;

And caught the silver harp away,
And, weeping over the white strings, hurled
It down in a leaf-hid hollow place
That kept dim waters from the sky;
And each one said with a long, long sigh,
'O saddest harp in all the world,
Sleep there till the moon and the stars die.'"

But what is the secret spring of this happiness? Why are the faeries happy and human beings sad? These strange little creatures themselves give us the reply. They lift up their white hands to the stars in heaven, and singing, address them as follows—

"You stars,
Across your wandering ruby cars
Shake the loose reins: you slaves of God
He rules you with an iron rod,
He holds you with an iron bond,
Each one woven to the other,
Each one woven to his brother,
Like bubbles in a frozen pond;
But we in a lonely land abide
Unchainable as the dim tide,
With hearts that know no law nor rule,
And hands that hold no wearisome tool,
Folded in love that fears no morrow,
Nor the grey wandering osprey Sorrow."

Thus they mock at the stars for being under the restraint of natural laws. They themselves "know no law nor rule"; they are "unchainable." They "fear no morrow." That is to say, their life is not cramped by deliberation about the future. They "hold no wearisome tool." That is to say, they are not compelled to think and foresee what means they shall adopt to attain their ends. It is not that they defy the laws of the world. Over them natural law, moral law, the laws of prudence, have no jurisdiction. They do not exist in faeryland, any more than the penal code does. And because they are subject to no restraint their life is joy. Because human beings must, willy-nilly, allow themselves to be caged by the restraints of these laws, there accrue to them cares, fretting, sorrow, pain. Even the stars are unhappy because "God rules" them "with an iron rod." Again and again the same idea finds expression. In the golden age, it seems, in the days of innocence, even human beings resembled the faeries.

"Men's hearts of old were drops of flame
That from the saffron morning came,
Or drops of silver joy that fell
Out of the moon's pale twisted shell;
But now hearts cry that hearts are slaves,
And toss and turn in narrow caves";

the "narrow caves," that is, of restraint.

Sorrow is the result of self-consciousness. Men have souls. This means that they have the power of standing apart and looking at themselves as if they were external objects, of criticising their intended actions and deciding by deliberation what course they will pursue. They no longer act on spontaneous impulse. But the faeries have no souls and therefore no self-consciousness. Hence their life is wholly spontaneous. They are not evil, for the categories of morality apply only to souls, only to those who are self-conscious. And because their life is spontaneous and unfettered by restraints it is therefore perfect joy.

It accords with this view that Mr. Yeats always represents the faeries as "elemental beings," akin to the primitive unconscious forces of nature, winds, streams, and flowers. For the life of these things is spontaneous. They look neither forward nor back, but rejoice only in the gladness of the moment. In his poem "To Ireland in

the Coming Times" he says—

"For the elemental beings go
About my table to and fro,
In flood and fire and clay and wind,
They huddle from man's pondering mind."

The faery life is the life of winds and clouds and rainbows. Is the wind good or evil? Is the rainbow virtuous or vicious? Absurd questions! Their life is ebullient joy. The rainbow lives for the beauty of its colors, and in the gladness of that beauty its whole being consists. The faeries are in a sense almost personifications of the elemental spirits of nature. Such personifications have life, but they have not attained to the state of soulhood, and for them therefore there is no sorrow. Why then did Mr. Yeats not give us simply such personifications, and not faeries at all? One reason is, of course, that no artistic success could attend such abstractions. But a more Yeatsian reason is that even cloud and wind and star, though outside the jurisdiction of moral restraints, are still subject to natural laws. They are akin to the unhappy world of human beings. If they could live and feel they would be sad because of their restraints. Therefore Mr. Yeats, in order fully to embody his idea, had to create beings alive, yet not natural, not subject to any law whatever. Such are his faeries.

No natural personages could have served his purpose. Young children exhibit the nearest human approach to spontaneity, life that knows no fetter. And yet even in the youngest human life are found rudiments of the fretting and the care that arise from self-consciousness. Blake, who made children his symbol of joy and innocence, realized this and expressed it in his "Songs of Experience." None the less, as it is necessary to visualize the faeries as in some way resembling humans, we find that in "The Land of Heart's Desire" Mr. Yeats has made his faery a child. It is interesting to note here that he is an enthusiastic worshipper of Blake, and his admiration is no doubt founded on mental resemblances. The two poets are kindred souls in that both of them proclaim the gospel of joy. Their chief difference is that while Blake embodied his idea in children, the later poet, carrying further the thought of the "Songs of Experience," namely, that even childhood is not a perfect symbol of joy and innocence, has deserted the natural world altogether, and resorted to faeries as a more perfect expression of joyousness.

In "The Land of Heart's Desire" the faery comes on May eve—when much power over men is given to the "good people"—and tempts the dreamy girl Maire Bruin to leave the human world—just as Oisin left it—and to go with her to faeryland. Maire expresses her desire to go—

"Let me have all the freedom I have lost;
Work when I will and idle when I will!
Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame."

The same spirit is discernible as we detected in "The Wanderings of Oisin." The girl's motive for going is to have freedom, to escape the restraints that are part of the human lot. The life in faeryland she pictures as one with the life of the elemental forces of nature, one with the wind, the tide, the flames that dance on the mountains.

A very interesting feature of this poem is that the faeries, who, we have seen, are neither good nor evil, are yet represented as at least in some sense bad. The old priest, Father Hart, at-

tempts to exorcise them as he would evil spirits. The faery child blasphemes, shrieks at the sight of a crucifix, and so on. But this is not really strange. From the point of view of Father Hart, from the Christian point of view in general, the faeries *are* evil. The spontaneous joy of life is essentially a pagan idea. It was violently opposed by St. Patrick in "The Wanderings of Oisin." The saint informs the bard, exultantly relating his love for his lost comrades and his adventures with Niam, that he "is still wrecked among heathen dreams." It is natural, therefore, that a Christian priest should refuse to traffic with faeries, that the child should shriek and blaspheme at the sight of the crucifix. But Mr. Yeats's point of view is not necessarily Father Hart's. And in fact it must be quite evident by now that his poetry is inspired by pagan rather than by Christian feelings. He would probably take the side of the faeries in the controversy between them and the old priest!

Most of our illustrations and quotations have been taken from "The Wanderings of Oisin" because in that poem the point of view, the criticism of life, which we have been explaining, is more prominent than in any of the others. That is one reason for believing that this is his best poem, as it is certainly his most characteristic one. But the same note is struck in nearly all the faery poems. We may quote, as a last illustration, the second stanza of that exquisite poem "The Stolen Child."

"When the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances,
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles,
And is anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
than you can understand."

Here again is the old contrast between the dancing joy of the faeries and the troubles of the world. Here, too, the faery life is associated with the forces of nature, "the frothy bubbles," "the waters and the wild." The appeal is made to a child, because as we said, of all human things, the child is most faery-like. To him the faery joy is still intelligible.

Such is the criticism of life, the gospel of joy, which Mr. Yeats sets before us. Very clearly it is the thought of the poet, not of the philosopher. No one, not even the poet himself, can attain to the ideal which he gives us. For, alas! Mr. Yeats is no faery, but a poor, two-legged human being—though it is hinted that he is admitted at times into the faery society! To the understanding the ideal is unthinkable, albeit to the eye of imagination the poet has made it manifest, living, real. But this is as it should be. We do not go to the poet for advice. If he can give us a dream, a vision of "eternal beauty wandering on her way," he has fulfilled his mission in the world. He has given us that which is perhaps better than any advice, better than all the tomes of the sages put together. And all this Mr. Yeats has done. Shelley, in his "Prometheus Unbound," created an idealized picture of a world ruled by love. The later poet has painted a world ruled by joy. Neither of them possibilities. But what Shelley said of his own work applies to that of Mr. Yeats also, namely, that his purpose had been simply to familiarize cultured minds with "beautiful idealisms." Moreover,

if one cares to look at it in the broadest possible way, leaving out the particular form of expression of Mr. Yeats's idea, the particular symbol of the faeries, then his gospel ceases to be an impossibility. Broadly, his poetry expresses simply the pagan view of life, the same that was expressed both in the lives and the literature of the men of ancient Greece.

W. T. Stace.

The British Review.

THE JUDGMENT DEALER.

Hastin Ruffer, Bachelor of Science, felt that he would soon be in need of bread, for all his learning had brought him in no money, though he had tried for a disconcerting five months to get some one to hire his brains. His expensive education, the years of toil he had given to learn all about electrons, ions, mesoblast, the Periodic Law, and the intimate facts about echinoderms, could not procure him a square meal. It was on this account that he determined to make his living by influencing the lives of other people—people who regarded five-pound notes as very ordinary things. He decided to apply to the psychological side of his fellowmen those processes of analysis that he had been taught to use in the cases of complicated but disingenuous chemicals.

Therefore there appeared in several of the London daily papers this curious advertisement, the cost of which left him with sixteen pounds, a stout heart, and a very grave manner:

"Sort Out Your Conscience. I Will Help You.

"Why bear that secret self-condemnation any longer? It acts as a drag on you; it impedes your efforts to get on; it spoils your happiness.

"The Scales can be Balanced.

"Consult a dispassionate scientist, who will bring a trained and icy mind to bear upon your problems, and deal with them from the standpoint of pure reason. Write to him at 387 Batchacre Street, W.C., using any name and address you like, from a newspaper shop to the *poste restante*, and

"Enclose a Five-pound Note.

"I am a Bachelor of Science of London, and I will tell you what to do. I will deal out fair judgment to you; I will show you how to balance the book of your life on scientific lines. Remember,

"Your Conscience may be Too Tender.
"Hastin Ruffer, B.Sc."

"There are many people," he had told himself, "who would give a great deal, people to whom five pounds is a trifle, to consult some one whom they do not know, and, most important of all considerations, who does not know them, in order to have a dispassionate view of themselves and their actions."

But now that the advertisement was in type and paid for, he was not so sure.

And then came a newspaper man to interview him about his scheme.

Ruffer knew what to do, he imagined. "Sit down and have a drink," said he, putting out the glad right hand of fellowship.

"Not before lunch, thanks," the scribe made reply. "What's this new game you've invented?"

"It's the outcome of Modern"——

"Cut that part right out, please, and tell me what it is itself, not what its progenitors were."

"Certainly," said Ruffer when he

had got his breath. "I used to know an old fellow once who worried himself to a shadow because he'd saved a man's life. You see, the man killed his wife shortly afterwards, and the old fellow blamed himself all his days because he didn't let him drown instead of be hanged. He said there would have been one more person alive in the world if he hadn't saved the man. He said that if he'd only pushed him under, instead of pulling him out, he would have done a far, far better thing. You see, he didn't know how to square accounts, how to sort out his conscience, as I call it. Now, I'm a trained scientist, and I can lend a dispassionate and analytical mind to such people."

"I won't say your knowledge of human beings is far out," the reporter admitted judicially.

"I know it's not."

Next day's issue of the *Morning Record* printed a column interview, headed:

"Man Who Analyzes Human Hearts. B.SC. Who Weighs Up Wickedness and Provides Antidote. Peace of Mind for Five Pounds."

By the end of the week Hastin Ruffer had more "cases" than he could deal with conveniently, and he was compelled to engage a secretary to answer the simpler problems.

To his unbounded astonishment, quite a number of people paid personal calls, though few of them indeed gave their names. Some of those who called went away at once, saying with acerbity that he was too young; but those who noticed his clever, ascetic face stayed, and got much practical, common-sense advice from him for their five-pound notes. One man—such is human nature—tried to bilk him.

He imposed pretty stiff sentences at times, too. Some of his judgments were quaint.

One prosperous old man came to consult him about a vile temper. "I can't understand myself," he said. "I have a dear, good wife and a most charming daughter. I am very fond of them, but hardly a day passes that I do not break out into some passion or other that makes them both—and me—wretched. They have only one life each to lead, and I have poisoned—yes, poisoned!—their lives up to now. Only this morning I threw a piece of hot buttered toast at my daughter, and she had to go away and wash her hair. It's not the sort of thing that can be made up to them. I feel I ought to be punished for it.

"Why don't you control your temper?"

"I do, as much as I can."

"You do? I see. Are you fond of walking?"

"No; I hate it, loathe it, abhor it." He did not tell Ruffer that he began life as an errand-boy in the days when there were few omnibuses, and that he had marked his emancipation from that humble state in life by riding everywhere.

"Well, I think you must walk five miles every day, and ten every Saturday."

"That's pretty stiff, isn't it? Won't less do?"

"It's what the case demands," Ruffer answered sternly.

"You don't let people down lightly."

"You've paid me, and I've given my reasoned opinion. Good-day to you, sir."

"Wouldn't it do if I paid large sums to charity anonymously?"

"Five miles a day, and ten every Saturday. There are two other people waiting to see me."

"A five-pound fine, and a sentence of hard labor too! It's a bit stiff," the hasty-tempered man told himself, and he began to get into a boiling

rage, until he remembered. But he went away and did what he had been ordered to do, for he had a conscience that would not let him off. Also, in six months he had a normal liver, the temper and patience of a saint, and a keen relish for long tramps and bread and cheese and beer lunches in wayside inns.

One day, sitting smoking his pipe on a stile, he broke into hearty guffaws, and slapped his knees like the merriest old merchant that ever came out of the City of London. "I see now," he bellowed. "I went to him about my temper, and he cured my liver. Now, if I'd gone to a doctor I'd have had some physic, and ha' been as bad as ever. That chap ought to be paid by the State"—which was a very socialistic thing for a true-blue old Tory to say.

Many a queer story was told to Hastin Ruffer, and often enough he answered, so to speak, with his back to the wall; for some of the things to which he had to listen almost defied cold justice, and made the Judgment Dealer want to kick out with both feet.

Yet he soon forgot the majority of his "patients," and he never made notes. But one "patient," a girl, lived in his memory for many weeks. She called to see him in the twilight of a winter day, and her face—a pretty face it was—was as white as her ermine cloak. She was one of those slender women who seem to be caressed by their furs.

Ruffer looked at her earnestly, and found it hard to believe that she had anything on her conscience. He could as soon have suspected a kitten of forgery.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked very anxiously.

"No."

"I'm so glad! I feared you might. May I ask for your advice?"

She laid a five-pound note on the table, and Ruffer took it.

"Please sit down and tell me what you have to tell me in your own way," he said kindly.

"I do not think I have done anything wrong," she went on; "but I do not know if what I am thinking of doing is wrong. I want you to advise me as dispassionately as you are able, and I do not want you to be commonsense, or anything horrid like that. I want you to deal with me in the most ethical way."

"That is exactly what you have paid me for."

"I am engaged to be married," she began.

"Am I to congratulate you?"

"That's the whole point," she said eagerly. "I do not love the man I am going to marry so well as I love another man."

"Then why not marry the other man?"

"I want to know which of the two it's right for me to marry. That's just why I've come to you. I like my fiancé very much. I'm not altogether sure I don't love him, in a way. I know I love the other man." The prettiest, palest pink stole into her face.

"And the difficulty?"

"Money."

Ruffer looked disappointed. Somehow it seemed a pitiable thing that so delectable a girl should hesitate on such an account. She saw the look.

"It's not so simple as that," she said. "Should children obey their parents?"

"When their parents are in the right."

"Father is very, very fond of me," she explained; "and it's because he's so fond of me that he wishes me to marry the man to whom I'm engaged. That's why he doesn't want me to marry the other. Besides, I haven't

been brought up to be a poor man's wife. So it wouldn't be fair to the poor man, would it?"

"How poor is he?"

"He has five hundred a year. Need I tell you that five hundred a year wouldn't begin to dress me?"

Ruffer sat silent.

"Well?" she said.

"What would you do if the poorer man were killed on the way home this evening? Suppose you knew that you would never see him, never speak to him again?"

"I don't know."

"Pardon me, that's the one thing you do know."

"But he won't be killed on the way home."

"Ah, you shirk the answer; you daren't face it. What would you feel?"

"I don't think I should ever feel again. I should be numb."

"Then what's your difficulty?"

"Why, he can't keep me."

"I take it you're made of the same sort of stuff—carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and so on—that other people are made of?"

"Of course."

"Then why can't he keep you? An expenditure of ten shillings a week is ample to provide food for the normal human organism, and provide enough to keep it healthy, and therefore happy. Why can't he keep you?"

"This cloak I'm wearing cost more than he earns in a year. I could sell it second-hand for more than five hundred pounds at this moment."

"Then sell it, and buy with the money the house you'll live in. It'll have a weather-tight roof and a sufficient cubic air capacity. What more do you want?"

"But"——

"Is he fond of you?"

"He tells me so," she averred shyly.

"How do you think he will feel if he loses you?"

"But I shall lose him too."

"No; you'll sell him, or, rather, yourself, for ermine cloaks, glittering bits of carbon called diamonds, and choice foods to tickle your palate and ruin your digestion. The animal called man thrives best on simple foods, lives longer, and is happier during life."

"You put it very horridly."

"But it's true."

"What use would I be to him? I can't cook, I can't darn, I don't know how to keep house, and I'm sure I couldn't shop for him. I should bankrupt him in six months."

"Ah, now you're telling me you're a fool, and you're not that."

"I'm telling you nothing of the kind. Why do you scold me like this? I came for disinterested, calm advice."

"And you're getting it. You can learn to cook, if you're a person of average intelligence, in six weeks. You can teach yourself to darn in an hour. You can shop through one of the big stores, for they send you what you order, and they charge you the fair market rate for the day. As to your expensive clothes, they are about as necessary to you as caviare. The point is this. We live in a country whose climatic conditions make it necessary to place round our bodies layers of materials which do not readily conduct heat. The reason is that the skin is continually radiating the warmth generated by our food. That is, we are continually losing heat. The function of our clothes is to retain that heat, and so keep us comfortable and healthy. Now, a knitted jacket, if it be made of wool, is just as useful as ermine, and much more hygienic, for it can be washed again and again. Also, it is within the means of a man with five hundred a year."

"But it would be so"——

"Pardon me. Now, what I want to ask is this: are you willing to give up the only thing that is really satisfactory in life—love—in order to be able to keep warm by means of the skins of animals instead of by their wool? Must you have their hides, or will their hair satisfy you? Are you, in fact, civilized, or are you a savage?"

"I don't think I'm a savage; but is it savage to want pretty things?"

"Not if you can afford them. But can you afford them when the price is lifelong unhappiness? Wait a minute, please. Take the question of food. You eat to repair the waste caused by your energies, and by the manufacture of heat inside your body. There is no other defensible reason for eating. Now quite plain and quite cheap foods, like New Zealand lamb, cabbage, potatoes, apples, carrots, turnips, rice, and bread, are the very best you can have from the point of view of your physical well-being. Are you going to traffic in your emotions in order to be able to eat foods that are not so good for you, though they are much more expensive, and please your palate better, because your palate has grown used to them?"

"I've not heard the question put like that before."

"Haven't you? You have paid me for a scientific answer to the question whether you should marry for love or money. I have given it to you."

"But we should have to live in some wretched place like Peckham Rye."

"On five hundred pounds a year? Indeed no. You might have a pleasant little house in the country, or you might live in one of the northern suburbs, such as Barnet. At a place like that you could have a tricar and two servants on that money. You and your husband could leave the house to the servants at the week-ends, and go off motoring through the loveliest country in the world. If he had only a hundred and fifty a year, I would still tell you to grow up, become civilized, marry him, and have a good time. You wouldn't have the servants or the tricar; but you'd be happy, healthy, and worth while in the world."

"But all my friends would drop me."

"Tell me, on your honor, would you care if they did, when you had your husband?"

"Not very much," said she.

"Then there's no more to be said, is there?"

"But it would be such a change. One dreads"——

"The mountain-tops after the hot-house, I dare say. You may not be woman enough to live for your spirit instead of your body."

"But suppose he stopped loving me?"

"That," said Ruffer, "has nothing to do with this question. He might stop loving you if he were an earl. Which are you going to choose, nose-rings, anklets, and the tails of fat sheep, or clothes that keep you fit and food that makes you healthy?"

"Nose-rings! the tails of fat sheep!"

"Exactly. The aristocrats in some parts of the world wouldn't give a farthing for ermine and diseased liver. What they sell themselves for are copper nose-rings and the morbid tails of sheep. Fashions vary, but the idea's the same."

"I came here," said the girl, "thinking you'd tell me the right thing for me to do was to obey my father, and marry the man he wants me to. I came to you because you don't know me, and I hoped you'd look at it as a stranger would. If your verdict had been that I ought to let love go I wouldn't have done it; but I should have had an uneasy conscience all my life. I expected tact from you, and you've taken the bludgeon and hammered away at me until you let fresh

air into my soul. I can't thank you enough."

"Then you never meant to marry the rich man?"

"No. He's fat, he's middle-aged, and he patronizes me. I've known him since I was in the nursery, and I was afraid I ought to marry him."

"It was a needless fear. Go away, and let your soul grow up."

"I'll take it out of its fur lining," she said. "That's all it wants."

"I think it is," he said, shaking hands with her.

She sent him a piece of the wedding-cake.

"I made this cake myself," she wrote, "and I don't think it's at all bad. My husband—I'll send him to you if he misbehaves—has been made junior partner, so we shall live up the river in summer and in town in winter. The tricar is going to be a twelve horse-power car; but I'm half-sorry about that. I'm going to do the cooking, at any rate at first, for he says I cook beautifully, and my clothes won't be too useful. I wonder if you'll remember whom this is from. I shall never forget you. You were so very quaint, and so very right too. Wish us luck."

Donovan Bayley.

Chambers's Journal.

AUGUST STRINDBERG.*

Till a few months ago scarcely any one in England knew more of Strindberg than they could learn from floating gossip about a mad Swedish author with no very savory reputation, or from occasional inefficient performances on Sunday evenings of plays that seemed to confirm that reputation as just. A tiny room by the back-door of theatre-land showed a horrible drama about a husband and father goaded into madness by his wife. The Court Theatre gave a play about a girl of family who seduced her footman and then committed suicide. Both plays revealed a strange intensity of dramatic power, an unusually significant use of detail and observation, and a mind beset with the horror of simple facts which are either the most beautiful or the most ugly things in life, according as the mind that sees them is clean and brave or not. Then, about the time that Strindberg died, in the May of last year, England and America began to find opportunities, through the work of ardent students and translators of his books and plays, to revise their scanty and inaccurate knowledge. Those who troubled to inquire found that Strindberg, though an unfortunate and in some senses a very bad husband, was not the notorious evil-liver which rumor had painted him; that, so far from being an immoral author, he was, in purpose and sincerity, almost wholly a moral author; that, besides being a novelist and dramatist, he was a scientific experimentalist of some knowledge and of high imagination, which had only needed direction and patience to make his achievement valuable; an historian, a philosopher, an alchemist, a naturalist—a man, in fine, of an extraordinarily active brain and a prolific writer on subjects of many kinds. And now, with three or four firms

* "The Confession of a Fool." By August Strindberg. Translated by Emile Schleussner. Swift. 6s.
"The Inferno." By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. William Rider. 2s. 6d. net.
"Legends: Autobiographical Sketches." By August Strindberg. Melrose. 5s. net.
"Plays by August Strindberg. "Miss Julia;" "The Stronger." Translated from the Swedish with an Introduction by Edwin Bjorkman. "There are Crimes and Crimes." Translated from the Swedish with an Introduction by Edwin Bjorkman. Duckworth. 2s. net each.

of publishers spreading translations of his autobiographical and imaginative works, it is possible to arrive at some idea of a strange mind which had kept Sweden and France and Germany exercised for a good many years.

Strindberg was sixty-three when he died. He was the son of a man of family and a woman of none. His childhood was unhappy; his youth full of struggle and poverty. He made, and broke, three marriages. Restlessness, unhappiness, the public anger aroused by his attacks on Swedish life and persons, and by his attitude to the movement of the "emancipation of women," drove him abroad. For a period of some five years (of which he gives an account in two of the books on our list above) he was the victim of delusions, through which he passed into the haven of a form of religion. All his life he was a violent worker, an inexhaustible writer. His mind found rest, if at all, only late. His energy, or his restlessness, drove him on from belief to belief. In youth a rather blatant freethinker, a "corrupter of youth," as he called himself, an advocate of liberty—if not license—of thought and conduct, he all but surrendered at one period to Catholicism, and reached in middle age a form of Puritanism. The only things stable in him were certain tendencies of his nature that will perhaps emerge from a study of the autobiographical books on our list and of others that he wrote.

We may grant him an exceptional sensitiveness to whatever is disagreeable. That is plain, from the first, in "The Bondwoman's Son," his account of his own childhood. What to healthy children, even of good intelligence, is a nuisance—restraint, repression, nagging by parents and so forth—was to August Strindberg torture. He seems to have known, even in childhood, that he was unhappy to a degree which people well versed in the minds of children believe very uncommon. In later years he was to make use of this sensitiveness, not only in his studies of his own mind, but in his plays and novels. The boy Strindberg was the father of the acutely suffering man in *The Father*, or of Maurice, the young playwright who topples through vice into misery and so into religion, in *There are Crimes and Crimes*. "The Bondwoman's Son" gives us also another clue to his nature. This is an ugly business, and we propose to attack it at once and get it over. At the age of eight Strindberg determined to kill himself because of his feelings for a little girl. The story might be passed over as merely silly, if he had not lived to write "The Confession of a Fool." That is the book in which, without any kind of reticence, he tells the story of his first marriage—his relations with the lady before their legal union, their miserable life together, and the unpleasant details of its ending. It is a story that ought only to be told *in camera*, and we refer to it merely for the elucidation of a single element in the author's nature. It was not self-deception that induced Strindberg to declare that the chief obstacle to his separation from his first wife was his sense of honor and of the integrity of the family. He believed firmly in the integrity of the family; he professed to believe that woman had no other mission in life but to be the link between the father and his children. But a patient reading of "The Confession of a Fool" makes it clear that what bound him to his first wife was not so much the motives he pleads as a physical obsession. And it is only fair to warn the intending reader of Strindberg's works that throughout them his attitude on these matters is not healthy, is not normal.

Of what value to humanity is the study of the abnormal? There is a tendency at present to put a wrong

emphasis upon it. Just as every man is the better for having some knowledge of the human body in health and sickness, so every man is the better for having some knowledge of the human mind in health and sickness. But here, as in knowledge of all kinds, the manner of presentation is everything. It is right for the layman to know that soap and water, and plenty of them, are good for the skin, and why; it is not good for him to be presented with a work on skin diseases as an ennobling work of literature. In the same way, any one with a tendency to sex-obsession or persecution-mania may be the better for knowing what is wrong with him and how he may get his mind clean. The normal mind cannot be the better for being dragged through a minute analysis of such uncleanness, such wretchedness, as are to be found in the three autobiographical books before us. "An American critic," we read in one of the introductions, "says 'Strindberg is the greatest subjectivist of all time.' Certainly neither Augustine, Rousseau, nor Tolstoy have laid bare their souls to the finest fibre with more ruthless sincerity than the great Swedish realist." But we do not praise—grammatically or ungrammatically—the old lady in the "hydro" because her description of her "symptoms" is more vivid and particular than any we have heard before. We leave the room. And to all who are not professional healers of mind or body the study of such books as "Inferno" or "Legends" must be, for all their "ruthless sincerity," as profitless and as disagreeable as the drawing-room talk of the hydro. Augustine—Rousseau—Tolstoy: two of them were great and beautiful souls, whose struggles towards peace cannot but quicken the reader through his sense of beauty, however much he may disagree with their conclusions. The other was a far more normal person than Strindberg; and, not to speak of its delicate lights and shades, of the art and wit of the writing, his "Confessions" are so full of the frailties of the average man that they induce in any sane reader a healthy laugh at his own expense. The "ruthless sincerity" of Strindberg has produced something quite different.

In Strindberg's kind of sensitiveness – the acute feeling of what happens to oneself, whether physically or mentally—lies the germ of egomania. In "Inferno" and "Legends" Strindberg shows us in full blast the egomania that developed out of his sensitiveness. They form the description of his life in Paris and elsewhere during the years when he was subject to delusions. The delusions were of a kind that we believe to be well known to students of mental aberration. He is always pursued by enemies, whose favorite plan is to fix electric wires to his bed and so attack his heart. He is consumed by self-pity. If a noise occurs in his restaurant or his hotel, it was made purposely to annoy him. Joined with this—and indeed its counterpart, since such delusions as these presuppose an overweening regard for self—is spiritual pride. He visits a set of lively friends, and is annoyed with their gaiety, their very kindness to him.

> Had I avoided these people out of unjustifiable pride it would have been logical to punish me for it, but as my avoidance of them sprang from a desire to purify myself and to deepen my spiritual life in self-communion, I do not understand the ways of Providence—

of Providence who ought, of course, to have seen that his condescension in mixing with sinners was rewarded on the spot. A friend invites him to breakfast, and—

> I decline, because the right bank is forbidden to me; it is the so-called

"world," the world of the living and of vanity.

He visits the house where his little daughter is living, and finds that he must give up his solitary morning walk, during which he was "all soul," in order to take his child with him, listen to her prattle, and answer her questions. "It is intensely annoying. . . . What a penance—to be loved!" And what of the men to whom such "penance" would be joy? So, through a growing sensitiveness to omens and supernatural hints, in which everything that he sees is directed at himself, he comes by degrees to learn that not all his enemies are mortal. His mother-in-law gives him for dinner calves' head, a dish that he dislikes. "It is too much! Formerly I attributed these annoyances to feminine malice; now I acquit every one, and say, 'It is the Devil!'" Men are given over to the Prince of this World, and suicide is the only refuge. A little later he learns from Swedenborg that it is not the Devil. It is God who sends these omens, these persecutions—

Earth, earth is hell—the dungeon appointed by a superior power, in which I cannot move a step without injuring the happiness of others, and in which others cannot remain happy without hurting me. . . .

Let us therefore suffer without hoping for any real joy in life, for, my brothers, we are in hell. . . . Let us rejoice in our torments, as though they were the paying off of so many debts, and let us count it a mercy that we do not know the real reason why we are punished. . . .

Self-contempt, anger at one's own personality, the result of vain endeavors to improve oneself—that is the way to a higher life.

Thus this ardent thinker, this lover of intellectual strife, sinks in the last surrender. His faith deserts him, and he runs for shelter to a faith that is no faith, but a folding of the hands in despair. For revulsions of this kind there is usually a physiological basis. Perhaps the following quotation may give a hint:

Often it happens that the mere love of drink gets the upper hand, accompanied by unbridled hilarity and cynical suggestions. One's lower nature breaks through and the brutal instincts find free scope. It is so pleasant to be an animal for a while, one thinks to oneself, and besides life is not always so cheerful, and so on, to the same effect. One day, after I have for some time taken part in riotous drinking bouts, I am on the way to my restaurant. I pass by an undertaker's shop where a coffin is exposed to view. The street is strewn with fir branches, and the great bell of the cathedral is tolling a knell. Arrived at the restaurant, I find my table companion in trouble, as he has come straight from the hospital, where he has taken leave of a dying friend. As I return home after dinner by back streets, where I have not been before, I meet two funeral processions. How everything reeks of death to-day, and the tolling of the knell recommences!

There is plenty of evidence in these pages of one secret of Strindberg's state of mind. If this man, one reflects, had taken plenty of exercise, had known the value of cold water in large quantities for internal and external use, had tuned himself up, body and mind, by the simple self-mastery implied in these things, would not his great brain have produced work with more in it of the beauty that preserves? The other reflection is this: that some allowance must be made for the period in which he spent his earlier years. There is abundant evidence in these books that the Sweden of his youth was passing through a period which only the German language has a phrase to describe—*Sturm und Drang*—a period of revolt against accepted forms and beliefs, in which extravagance and al-

cohol played parts not easily measured by better balanced and deeplier rooted peoples. Strindberg lived to see the failure of his own generation's high hopes. As the growth had been violent, the withering was devastation. Naturalism, materialism, had proclaimed illimitable powers in human nature. One by one its champions dropped off, as Strindberg tells us, into madhouses, destitution, or suicide. The reaction helped to drive Strindberg himself through madness into contempt of human nature, and that kind of faith in God which is a denial of God's goodness.

Other writers have been mad; other writers have been oppressed with a sense of sin. But assuredly not all madness sees further than sanity. Lucretius went mad, and he too was *contemptor divon;* but in his poem his vitality and his love of life and of beauty exorcise the demons of pessimism and despair. Dante and Heine both passed through hell; and Bunyan and Cowper suffered agonies of remorse. But in all these we may find one or both of two qualities that Strindberg lacked—qualities of mind, or of character, that have little connection with qualities of brain. Either they shoulder the burden and fight through their despair like men of courage and self-mastery, or they have in them an essential sweetness, an ἐπιείκεια which stands in place of faith in life and faith in man to such of them as believe that they have no such faith. In Strindberg one searches in vain for any such qualities. Setting aside the autobiographical works, his literature as a whole is a literature of hate and of ugliness. Life is hell, he implies, even in works written before the period of his delusions; made hell by the conflict of man and woman, by the breaking up of old standards and the breaking down of new. And the intensity of his observation only emphasizes the partiality of his vision. Strange, "mystical" plays like *The Dream Play*, romantic plays like *Margit*, sharply naturalistic plays like *The Father* or *Miss Julia*, all tell the same story—of a mind raging at life because it is blind to three-quarters of life, and cursing the world because it has not learned the rudiments of self-mastery.

The Times.

THE EXPLORER.

As the evening wore on—and one young man after another asked Jocelyn Montrevor if she were going to Ascot, what? or to Henley, what? or what?—she wondered more and more if this were all that life would ever hold for her. Would she never meet a man, a real man who had *done* something? These boys around her were very pleasant, she admitted to herself; very useful, indeed, she added, as one approached her with some refreshment; but they were only boys.

"Here you are," said Freddy, handing her an ice in three colors. "I've had it made specially cold for you. They only had the green, pink and yellow jerseys left; I hope you don't mind. The green part is arsenic, I believe. If you don't want the wafer I'll take it home and put it between the sashes of my bedroom window. The rattling kept me awake all last night. That's why I'm looking so ill, by-the-way."

Jocelyn smiled kindly and went on with her ice.

"That reminds me," Freddy went on, "we've got a nut here to-night. The genuine thing. None of your so-

ciety Barcelonas or suburban Filberts. One of the real Cob family; the driving-from-the-sixth-tee, inset-on-the-right and New-Year's-message to-the-country touch. In short, a celebrity."

"Who?" asked Jocelyn eagerly. Perhaps here was a man.

"Worrall Brice, the explorer. Don't say you haven't heard of him or Aunt Alice will cry."

Heard of him? Of course she had heard of him. Who hadn't?

Worrall Brice's adventures in distant parts of the empire would have filled a book—had, in fact, already filled three. A glance at his flat in St. James Street gave you some idea of the adventures he had been through. Here were the polished spurs of his companion in the famous ride through Australia from south to north—all that had been left by the cannibals of the Wogga-Wogga River after their banquet. Here was the poisoned arrow which, by the merciful intervention of Providence, just missed Worrall and pierced the heart of one of his black attendants, the *post-mortem* happily revealing the presence of a new and interesting poison. Here, again, was the rope with which he was hanged by mistake as a spy in South America—a mistake which would certainly have had fatal results if he had not had the presence of mind to hold his breath during the performance. In yet another corner you might see his favorite mascot—a tooth of the shark which bit him off the coast of China. Spears, knives and guns lined the walls; every inch of the floor was covered by skins. His flat was typical of the man—a man who had *done* things.

"Introduce him to me," commanded Jocelyn. "Where is he?"

She looked up suddenly and saw him entering the ball-room. He was of commanding height and his face was the face of the man who has been exposed to the forces of Nature. The wind, the waves, the sun, the mosquito had set their mark upon him. Down one side of his cheek was a newly-healed scar, a scratch from a hippopotamus in its last death struggle. A legacy from a bison seared his brow.

He walked with the soft easy tread of the python, or the Pathan, or some animal with a "pth" in it. Probably I mean the panther. He bore himself confidently, and his mouth was a trap from which no superfluous word escaped. He was the strong, silent man of Jocelyn's dreams.

"Mr. Worrall Brice, Miss Montrevor," said Freddy, and left them.

Worrall Brice bowed and stood beside her with folded arms, his gaze fixed above her head.

"I shall not expect you to dance," said Jocelyn, with a confidential smile which implied that he and she were above such frivolities. As a matter of fact, he could have taught her the Wogga-Wogga one-step, the Bimbo, the Kiyi, the Ju-bu, the Head-hunter's Hug and many other cannibalistic steps which, later on, were to become the rage of London and the basis of a *revue*.

"I have often imagined you, as you kept watch over your camp," she went on, "and I have seemed myself to hear the savages and lions roaring outside the circle of fire, what time in the swamps the crocodiles were barking."

"Yes," he said.

"It must be a wonderful life."

"Yes."

"If I were a man I should want to lead such a life; to get away from all this," and she waved her hand round the room, "back to Nature. To know that I could not eat until I had first killed my dinner; that I could not live

unless I slew the enemy! That must be fine!"

"Yes," said Worrall.

"I cannot get Freddy to see it. He is quite content to have shot a few grouse . . . and once to have wounded a beater. There must be more in life than that."

"Yes."

"I suppose I am elemental. Beneath the veneer of civilization I am a savage. To wake up with the war-cry of the enemy in my ears, to sleep with the—er—barking of the crocodile in my dreams, that is life!"

Worrall Brice tugged at his moustache and gazed into space over her head. Then he spoke.

"Crocodiles don't bark," he said.

Jocelyn looked at him in astonishment. "But in your book, *Through Trackless Paths!*" she cried. "I know it almost by heart. It was you who taught me. What are the beautiful words? 'On the banks of the sleepy river two great crocodiles were barking.'"

"Not 'barking,'" said Worrall. "'Basking.' It was a misprint."

"Oh!" said Jocelyn. She had a moment's awful memory of all the occasions when she had insisted that crocodiles barked. There had been a particularly fierce argument with Meta Richards, who had refused to weigh even the printed word of Worrall Brice against the silence of the Reptile House on her last visit to the Zoo.

"Well," smiled Jocelyn, "you must teach me about these things. Will you come and see me?"

"Yes," said Worrall. He rather liked to stand and gaze into the distance while pretty women talked to him. And Jocelyn was very pretty.

"We live in South Kensington. Come on Sunday, won't you? 99, Peele Crescent."

"Yes," said Worrall.

* * * * *

On Sunday Jocelyn waited eagerly for him in the drawing-room of Peele Crescent. Her father was asleep in the library, her mother was dead; so she would have the great man to herself for an afternoon. Later she would have him for always, for she meant to marry him. And when they were married she was not so sure that they would live with the noise of the crocodile barking or coughing, or whatever it did, in their ears. She saw herself in that little house in Green Street with the noise of motor-horns and taxi-whistles to soothe her to sleep.

Yet what a man he was! What had he said to her? She went over all his words . . . . They were not many.

At six o'clock she was still waiting in the drawing-room at Peele Crescent . . .

At six-thirty Worrall Brice had got as far as Peele Place . . .

At six-forty-five he was back in Radcliffe Square again . . .

At seven o'clock, just as he was giving himself up for lost, he met a taxi and returned to St. James's Street. He was a great traveller, but South Kensington had been too much for him.

Next week he went back unmarried to the jungle. It was the narrowest escape he had had. And he would have hated Green Street.

A. A. M.

Punch.

THE PROSPECTS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

We fear that the House of Commons is committing itself once more to a policy in regard to woman suffrage that will almost certainly end as unsatisfactorily as similar policies have always ended before. The present position is that the device of tacking woman suffrage amendments on to a Government Bill has been abandoned, and the Government have promised to give facilities to a private member's Bill—a Bill open to amendment—next session. This apparently means that if the Bill commands a majority of the House the Government will press the measure through with the help of the guillotine, and will give it the benefit of the Parliament Act so that it can be passed into law without the consent of the Lords. Mr. Asquith, we should be careful to notice, did not himself mention the Parliament Act, but Sir Edward Grey expressly did so. He defended the use of it on the ground that the Bill, if carried, would not be a Government measure, but a measure supported by a non-party majority of the House. We must strongly dissent from this argument. The use of the Parliament Act to force through a measure not fathered by the Government, and embracing a principle never laid before the country, would be simply revolution added to revolution. We do not see whither such a precedent might not lead us. In fact, the proposal is so dangerous that it is impossible to imagine a majority of the House adopting it. That is one reason why we say that the House is committing itself to a policy that will end in dissatisfaction. Once more women are being encouraged to build their hopes on a foundation of sand. When the partly built house and all the scaffolding comes down with a run the women will feel, as they have so often felt before, that they have been fooled. We are bound to say that they will have some reason. Members of Parliament do not mean to be dishonest or even cynical, but they have a habit, apparently very difficult to cure, of not facing the facts in this matter of woman suffrage. They wish to be civil and considerate, and they find it much easier to encourage women than to discourage them, and so they go on hoping that a definite and agreeable solution will somehow come out of a good disposition and vague promises. All this is pure illusion. Nothing of the sort will happen. The very attempt to allow the private member's Bill to enjoy the privileges of the Parliament Act would cause the majority of Unionist suffragists to vote against the measure.

And of course there are other reasons, quite apart from a revolutionary use of the Parliament Act, why a private member's woman suffrage Bill has hardly any chance of being passed. The woman-suffragist members of Parliament, although they agree in principle, cannot agree on any single measure for enfranchising women. The proposal to enfranchise only women on the municipal register is not "democratic" enough for many Radicals. At least, that is the reason they gave for opposing the Conciliation Bill, and no one has forgotten how Mr. Lloyd George's torpedo blew it up. But directly the proposal is made to enfranchise the wives of Parliamentary electors as well as women on the municipal register the more cautious supporters of woman suffrage begin to draw back. And not only the cautious ones draw back. Doctrinaire politicians discover that the principle of the Dickinson proposal is not logical—it is neither one thing nor the

other, neither conservative nor progressive, and, being illogical, it is of course not for them. As for the Labor members' proposal of universal adult suffrage, that is almost peculiar to themselves.

Even when we have mentioned all these well-known differences of view we have not exhausted the probable dissensions among the supporters of woman suffrage. There are sure to be a great many purely party influences at work. We cannot say in advance, of course, what they will be, but that they will exist is quite certain. It is well known that if the Franchise Bill had been proceeded with many Liberal members would have voted in accordance with what they thought would be the effect of their votes on the stability of the Government, and not in accordance with their convictions on woman suffrage. The Irish vote, on woman suffrage, has notoriously been cast or withheld simply in order to advance the prospects of Home Rule. Of course such motives will reappear. There will be lobbying, intriguing, and self-interested tergiversation of every shape and kind.

We reach the conclusion that it is impossible for woman suffrage to be granted so long as the Cabinet in power is divided in opinion on the subject. When woman suffrage becomes part of the programme of a united Cabinet it may become law, but not before. If the supporters of woman suffrage in the House of Commons were perfectly candid they would say to women: "We will do our best for you, but it would be wrong to invite you to be sanguine. There is really hardly any chance of your getting what you want till you have converted a whole Cabinet to your point of view." It may be said that this condemns woman suffrage to a delay of very many years. Well, that in our opinion is necessary. We do not hesitate to say that suffragists ought to face this prospect. It is the only way. The country must be converted first. A long period of "education" is necessary, and when a majority of the electors wish for woman suffrage then a Cabinet will arise that will be only too anxious to satisfy them. We are certain that if ever that happens it will be a bad thing for the country and a very bad thing for women. The pretence, however, that any other method of achieving woman suffrage is possible is either silly or cruel. A suggestion has been made that the promised private members' Bill shall be drafted by a kind of non-party Cabinet called into being for the purpose. It appears to be forgotten that this plan was tried before. It failed, and it will fail again. It is only one more example of "jam every other day"—never jam to-day but always to-morrow. We earnestly suggest to members of Parliament that they should candidly inform women suffragists that they must devote all their efforts to converting the country, and that they can hope for nothing till they have done so.

Before we end, we wish to say something about the criticism of the Speaker's ruling that woman suffrage amendments to the Franchise Bill would not be in order. Resentment at the loss of credit suffered by the Government has worked itself up outside the House into an attack upon the Speaker's interpretation of his functions. Why, it is asked, did he not make his judgment known either sooner or later? If he had waited to see whether a woman suffrage amendment would be accepted, and in the event of one being incorporated in the Bill had ruled it out of order, he would have provoked a bitterness compared with which the present bitterness is mild. That seems to us obvious. As to the question why he did not give

his ruling sooner, the Speaker has answered it himself. It is not his business, he said, to seek to destroy. He cannot give a ruling till the question is laid before him. On the second reading of the Franchise Bill the discussion was, as usual, general; the actual incorporation of the woman suffrage amendments could not then be attempted. Most people, we think, will admit that this is the only wise interpretation of the Speaker's duties —the only one which will work out for the convenience of the House in the vast majority of cases. In a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* of Thursday, Professor L. T. Hobhouse said: "But what some of us are concerned to ask is, where is the freedom of the House of Commons? An assembly which cannot decide for itself what things it will discuss and in what form it will discuss them, which is bound not by written rules nor by traditions intelligible to the ordinary man and accepted by all its members, but by the interpretation which one of its members chooses to give to those traditions, interpretations which may be concealed at pleasure and produced at the precise moment when they will most confound the operations of the House and frustrate its work—such an assembly has delivered itself over in bondage to an authority of its own choosing. Such a method of proceeding is incompatible with democracy, and we shall see its points, I suspect, in the way in which the Parliament Act will work—or not work." One might as well say that a cricket umpire, having the discretion of declaring every ball a no-ball or a wide, has it within his power to bestow the country championship on whichever side pleases his fancy. So he has. But he does not do it. In this poor world we have to choose our man for such important arbitraments, and then trust him. In the case of the woman suffrage amendments there was evidently a difference of opinion between the experts on procedure consulted by the Government and the Speaker. Such differences are rare. If the Speaker has erred he has erred very much on the right side in enforcing the strictest observance of the rules of procedure. Strictness in this respect is one of the few safeguards against the tyranny of the Parliament Act. In using such safeguards as exist the Speaker acts as the guardian of popular rights—a function which takes a renowned place in the history of the Speakership.

The Spectator.

WINTER WITHOUT CREDIT.

It is winter, because the calender says so, because it is time for winter, because we are half-way between two summers, and everyone and everything agrees to make a Sabbath at this time of the year and in this part of the earth. The sun is the first determinant. His withdrawal from our hemisphere is undoubted, and its importance not to be denied. In the main, his partial absence means infallible winter. Germany and Russia know it. The broad chisel of the seasons always bites squarely on their great land surface, but in our own outlying bit of land, washed by the equable sea, the sun is not a certain master of temperature. Our weather is furnished by an apparently hap-hazard series of whiffs of equatorial steam, like the swirls of smoke from a cigarette, which may conceivably smoke or leave unsmoked any spot within its general path. In summer there are often days

colder than the average of winter, and in winter days, or hours at any rate, warmer than the average of summer. Januaries have been mild, and Februaries and Marches, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that all three months should be summerlike instead of winterlike in one and the same year.

The late green Christmas, "so unlike the real old-fashioned Christmas," was, in spite of this oft-repeated saying, no unfair specimen of the average. The Christmas two feet deep in snow, with crystalline trees and ringing lakes of ice, that every card of the season tells us is the real thing, is really the exception, as the prize ox and the prize turkey that every artist likes for his model are exceptions, and the rule in "the good old times," as well as now, was for winter to be in an amateurish mood at the solstice that marks his beginning. Still, it was unusual, to the verge of the unheard, that red and white roses from the garden should oust the holly from the table, smothering its forced cheerfulness with, at any rate, a smile of summer laughter. "Wait till the New Year comes in," said the old people. The turn of the year is held with unshaken faith as the time when the claws of winter must be felt. But the first week of January has gone, and only brought us a more open sky, and air a degree or so colder, but also a degree more summerlike.

It is sense of period, we dare almost say convention, and not physical condition that keeps our woods and fields asleep. That it is growing weather is shown by a perfect army of rebels against the convention that it is not and cannot be. Where the tropæolum, commonly called nasturtium, threw its seeds, a little jungle of plants has sprung up, tender, or as we say hereabout, "nash" as any herb that grows, but unscathed by our January nights as their parents were by the nights of June. It is but one name to signify a precocity, the mere list of whose participants would fill a page. A self-sown broad bean has its head full of little blossoms so ready to open that they can be counted; a dandelion is wide open, and receives visits from the bees that come near it to the mezereon, winter aconite, and laurestinus. Primrose, polyanthus, and wallflower; veronica, hepatica, and periwinkle have the unusual pleasure of contrasting their colors with the pale snowdrop and Christmas rose. The schoolmaster has got his pupils to collect some wild flowers. The list lengthens daily, and already includes deadnettle, false strawberry, white violet, ground ivy, red campion; but what need to lengthen the list when hawk-weed and lamb's lettuce are not only to be had for searching, but thrust themselves upon us almost at every turn?

Those wise farmers, the birds, might know better than to call this armistice spring. It is their morning chattering more than all that makes us think that our dreams of summer must have been true. When, almost at daybreak, the blackbird gives forth his "round and roguish challenge," it must surely be May. Those strings of sparrows that fly chattering in and out the yews and round and round the brushwood bole of the elm, make it almost impossible for us to date our letters "January." The starling, whistling and clucking and clattering castanets on the chimney-top, must surely be cheering his mate once more at her work of stopping-up our rain-water spout. The wisest bird in the whole country-side is the rook. The first Sunday in March is the day when the "black republic" begins to carry out the annual building decree. This year the citizens are already spending a considerable part of the day in the elms of their ancestral

rookery; they walk about the fields in obvious pairs, and their long to-and-fro flights are diversified with "back-breaking" and all sorts of aerial play. The larks are in their big winter flocks on the fallows, or more questionably on the young corn. At eleven in the morning, up goes the first bird into the sky, though it is far from blue, and its shower of song comes ringing down. And up goes the next and the next, the infection of summer seizing many members of the flock, which melts and flies less and less strongly about the field till you would think it was about to break up for another year.

It is better than summer for the birds—summer without the anxiety of bringing up families. Food is plentiful enough and easy enough to find, without having the exuberance that compels them to bring new mouths to eat it. The large caterpillars that ought to be sleeping in order to begin very early in the spring are no doubt suffering heavily in the soft soil that affords them no protection from probing beaks. They even walk about, as can be proved by setting down now the slug-traps that we do not usually set till March. A slice of carrot or turnip laid on the ground overnight shelters in the morning not a few slugs and often a great fat caterpillar, to which it is necessary to give the quietus. A little heap of brewers' grains under a cabbage leaf is still more attractive, and we can utilize this exceptional time by making the slug an almost extinct genus within our garden frontiers. It is not to be hoped that the birds will help us much in this direction. If the slugs had not already grown too nasty to eat, it is not likely that they would have given up the shells that belong to them as molluscs. At the very least, the slug is a *pis aller*, and there are at present plenty of better things. We offer the robin a mealworm. A few weeks ago, he would come almost to the hand for it. Now he comes less near, and takes it almost as a matter of courtesy, and on the way he picks up a casual grub, worth two mealworms, as if to show that our bounty is really not wanted. It is even wrong to speak of "the robin" this winter, for, contrary to all precedent, he permits his wife to sojourn in the same garden and even to share his mealworms. In a real winter the robin clears himself a domain, within which he allows no rival to come. And it is evidently politics rather than solar optimism that makes him delight us with his midwinter song. At present, when the starling and blackbird are singing rather foolishly, "Lo! the summer," the robin is almost silent. On the next frosty eve that comes, he will mount the laburnum and give us ringing music about the battles he is going to fight next day.

For, of course, a frosty eve will come. An equatorial eddy will certainly so turn as to give us wind from the north or from the east, and the little fall in the thermometer that makes the difference between growing weather and the blast of winter. The futile weeds will be cut down, the rose trees really put to sleep, the birds driven to their berries, and the slugs to their fastnesses. It will be all the better for us. Had these seeds of shepherd's-purse and shooting-cress and chickweed slept and awakened in true spring, they would have been a nuisance and a trouble to us. Millions have sprouted or half-sprouted that we have not seen in tiny green leaf. The rain that woke them has rotted them, while more desirable germs slept in safety at the seedsman's warehouse. The imprudent ones will show the wisdom of observing conventions—when the frost comes.

The Nation.

HOME RULE IN THE LORDS.

Lord Haldane hit the right phrase in calling Lord St. Aldwyn's speech on the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill a stream of destructive criticism. Many of the points taken by Lord St. Aldwyn were raised in the debates in Committee in the House of Commons, but the circumstances there make all debate hurried, fragmentary, and incomplete. Lord St. Aldwyn referred to this when he said that the majorities for the Bill had been obtained by the suppression of free debate, and that if there had been the same opportunity for free discussion as there was on the Gladstone Bill of 1886, this Home Rule Bill would never have come to the Lords in its present shape, even had it reached there at all. He examined the financial clauses as Mr. Balfour and others examined the three clauses of the Welsh Bill, and he showed that if the Home Rule Bill ever passes, and thus achieves the only object for which it was ever drafted, it must yet break down both in Ireland and England.

The Postmaster-General laid down in the Commons the principle that Ireland should be in a position of self-reliance, the only position compatible with the status of self-government. It is a remarkable instance of obsession to the repetition of empty phrases in mechanical fashion by the Government advocates, that even after Lord St. Aldwyn had demonstrated that Ireland must still be as dependent as ever she has been on British subsidies, Lord Haldane continued preaching from Mr. Samuel's text. Ireland cannot live, he said, in political partnership with England which is so rich whilst she is so poor, and the Home Rule Bill was intended to save her from being a "pampered dependent" looking for assistance to the rich country with which she was associated. Well, the British taxpayer still has to pay £2,000,000 a year to Ireland, and Ireland moreover accepts still the advantages of the connection without making any contribution for Imperial purposes. This British contribution will probably be nearer three millions than two, as the British Government is to keep up the administration of certain services in Ireland the expenses of which are likely to increase, while the revenues under Home Rule are likely to decline as the Committee on Irish taxation suggested. The Constabulary is one of these services. For six years the relative positions of the British and the Irish Governments are quite chaotic; but apart from that, whatever the Irish Government determines to do with the Constabulary the Lord-Lieutenant will have to consent to and the British taxpayer to pay for. The expenses of the Constabulary are bound to increase, as the possibilities of disorder of all kinds will increase in various parts of Ireland, though the special case of Ulster is left out of account. Rival Irish factions springing up when the artificial unanimity of Nationalism in the British Parliament is broken into is also another very probable reason for the additional cost of the Constabulary.

But the guarantee of an Irish revenue by the British Government leaves Ireland without the stimulus to save on her expenses and to administer her revenues wisely and economically. If her revenues should be deficient through the extravagance or maladministration of the Irish Government, it will be the British, and not the Irish, Government that will bear the loss. Suppose prudence and wisdom and economy in the Irish Government, and that it nurses the revenue carefully—

still anything saved goes to the British Treasury, not to Ireland. If Ireland persisted in being virtuous she would not only have to pay over what she saved, but she might bring about a demand for a new financial arrangement which would bind her to make a contribution on some basis to Imperial expenditure, from which she is discharged under the Bill as it stands at present. Nothing could be better contrived for keeping the forty-two Nationalist members who will then be returned to the Imperial Parliament as busy as ever in exploiting the position of Ireland as described by Lord Haldane: that of a mere pampered dependent looking for further assistance to the rich country with which henceforth she will be associated, and existing to extract money with the persistence of the parasite. This is a situation too the consequences of which have often been pointed out: the retention by Irish Nationalists of the sinister influence they exercise on British politics. Lord St. Aldwyn describes it as initiating a series of blackmailing acts on the British executive and the British Parliament, which will be the worst form of political corruption. The expenses of administration in Ireland which have brought about the deficit in Irish finance are entirely due to the extravagances of the present Government. The Old Age Pensions Act and the Insurance Act more than account for the deficit. An Irish Parliament would have had neither one nor the other in the opinion of the Taxation Committee. Yet the Liberal Government, quite aware of how matters stood, and intending to bring in a Home Rule Bill, chose to pass both Acts on the same scale for Ireland as for England. They created a deficit by their own legislation, and then on the strength of it propose a system of doles to enable Ireland to go staggering along under Home Rule. To one piece of bad finance they add a further one even worse. These two Acts absorb nearly one-third of the revenue of Ireland.

The British taxpayer will have to provide for the deficiency thus caused by a perpetual subsidy which will be spent without his having any control. Taxation that has been imposed by the British Parliament on Ireland and will be felt to be a grievance, as it has been, is continued; and will be handed over to the Irish Parliament in the shape of subsidies to be spent by it. The lesson, said the Committee on Irish Taxation, which it is required to bring home to the individual Irishman is that before any money can be expended by the Irish Government he must first pay his share of that money in taxation. This lesson cannot be effectively taught if the Imperial Parliament retains the power of collecting and imposing Irish taxes. Against this principle the whole of the finance of the Home Rule Bill transgresses. The frank and straightforward course would have been. as the Committee recommended, for the British Exchequer to take over the Irish old-age pensions, which would have put an end to the three millions subsidy. This would have left Ireland to rely on her own financial resources; it would have made clearer to the British electorate the extent of its financial obligations. The Bill disguises this just as it disguises its real separatism under the pretence of devolution or federalism; and as it leaves Nationalist members supreme at Westminster while professing to free Great Britain from their thraldom.

The Outlook.

BY ORDER OF DARWIN.

Every one, it is to be hoped, remembers Huxley's brilliant introduction to one of his volumes of essays, wherein he explains how he came to appear before the world as the antagonist of the traditional religion of his fellow countrymen. He started out, he tells us, with no particular bias against that or any other religion, but with a simple desire to investigate certain facts of the visible universe. But, wherever he went in his tour of investigation, as he puts it with characteristic picturesqueness and humor, he found his path barred by notice-boards bearing the inscription, "No Thoroughfare: by Order of Moses."

These notice-boards have disappeared. No responsible controversialist now seriously attempts to set up a particular interpretation of the Mosaic books as a sufficient answer to a purely scientific hypothesis, still less as nullifying an ascertainable scientific fact. But it must not be supposed that the paths are therefore now free. A new set of notice boards has appeared, of an equally minatory and much more effective character. And *their* inscription runs: "No Thoroughfare: by Order of Darwin."

I have a particular case in mind. The other day the *Daily Herald* printed a very entertaining and very sensible article on the subject of the human skull recently found in Sussex. In the course of this article the writer remarked that as far as history went back we found nothing but a record of high civilization and barbarism existing side by side as they do to-day.

The observation seems harmless enough; but assuredly no curate in the sixties was ever more shocked at Darwin than many pious Darwinians seem to have been at the blasphemous temerity of this writer. Among those whose feelings were most deeply wounded was that very able and very honest freethinker, Mr. Robert Blatchford. In an impassioned article in the *Clarion* he rebukes the *Daily Herald* for admitting articles "throwing contempt on science," accuses it of secretly encouraging priestcraft and superstition, and demands, in tones which recall an Inquisitor of the seventeenth century smelling out a heretic, that the accused shall make a public confession as to whether he accepts the plenary infallibility of the "Origin of Species" or no.

Now I submit that that is not the question. The writer in the *Daily Herald* did not say that he disbelieved in the "Origin of Species," though, really, as a free man, he had as much right to do so as Mr. Blatchford has to disbelieve in the Bible. But he did not say this, nor is he bound to answer Mr. Blatchford's interrogatories. After all, we are as much entitled to be Agnostic as to biology as he is to be Agnostic as to religion. What he did was to put forward a plain statement of fact, with which, if it be true, any theory of human origins must reconcile itself. And, at the risk of being summoned to the bar of the *Clarion* to purge my heresy, I shall venture, as a preliminary to any discussion as to whether the above statement can be reconciled with the infallible authority of Darwin, to ask, as Huxley would have asked, whether the statement is itself true.

Well, it is true; absolutely and irrefragably true. As far as history takes us back—and in Egypt, in China, in Assyria and elsewhere it takes us back a good way—we have nothing but the records of very elaborate civilizations surrounded by more or less barbarous neighbors. These civilizations wax

and wane; the civilized area expands and contracts; but in every historic age the contrast is to be found. As to Pre-historic Man—well, he is pre-historic, which means that we know nothing about his history; though we know that he—or some of him—was an excellent draughtsman, to judge by the bisons I have seen in those caves in Southern France.

But that is not all. The observation may be carried a little further. Not only have we no historical record of an age in which there were no civilized men, but we have no historic record of any men whatsoever doing what, according to the progressive evolution theory, all men who have attained to any degree of civilization must at some time or other have done. I mean that we have no record of any people "progressing" by its own activities from barbarism to civilization. There are plenty of instances of a civilized nation imposing its civilization on barbarians. There are some instances of barbarians borrowing from a civilized neighbor. But, so far as I know, there is no single instance of savages becoming civilized without foreign intervention. To take a concrete case, there can, I suppose, be no doubt that a Briton of the year A.D. 200 was a more civilized person than a Briton of the year B.C. 60. But is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Briton of B.C. 60 was more civilized than the Briton of B.C. 200, or, for the matter of that, of B.C. 2000? So far as I know, there is none.

Finally, do we find in the legends of any people, civilized or barbaric, the tradition of any such process as I have described. Do any of them speak, if only vaguely and distortedly, of their emergence from darkness into light, from savagery into civilization? On the contrary what they all say in one chorus is that their forebears were much stronger, wiser, and more virtuous than themselves. Not once do we find them saying: "We were once savages, hunting and fishing with rude implements, but, as time went on, we learned how to tame animals, how to sow crops, how to build in stone, and so we became civilized men." What they do say with one accord is: "We cannot build such temples and palaces as our fathers built, we cannot sing such songs as they sang, we cannot frame such weapons as they used: we have lost the secret of their art."

So much for the evidence.

Now if in the face of this evidence anybody chooses to say: "I have a theory of the Universe which seems to me to fit the facts better than any other; for the completeness of that theory the assumption is necessary that all men were once wholly barbaric—were indeed once half bestial; I think such an assumption probable *a priori* and in the absence of definite proof to the contrary I choose to accept it." I have nothing to say against him. He is perfectly entitled to his opinion; and there may be much to be said for it. The hypothesis has proved attractive to many great intellects—to St. Augustine, for instance, and to Lucretius—and it is assuredly harmless enough from the moral and religious standpoint.

But he is certainly not entitled to call such unproved speculations and personal preferences "Science."

Cecil Chesterton.

The New Witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A volume on "The Balkan War" which Small, Maynard & Co., publish, gives the reader an opportunity to see history, and important history at that, in the making. The book is a vivid account of some of the most thrilling incidents in the war now in progress in the Balkans, from the day when little Montenegro took advantage of the delay of the great Powers and hurled its small army across the frontier down to the signing of the armistice. That part of the book which describes the movements of the "Army of the Cross" is written by Philip Gibbs, special correspondent of the London "Graphic" with the Bulgarian army; and that which deals with the movements of the "Army of the Crescent" is the work of Bernard Grant, special correspondent of the London "Daily Mirror" with the Turkish army. Written on the field and on the march, while the great events described were actually taking place, these narratives are wonderfully graphic. Readers who have followed the movements of the contending armies with some difficulty in the fragmentary despatches published from day to day will obtain from this book a clearer view of their significance. Twenty-six illustrations from photographs present actual battle scenes and depict the horrors of war more vividly than words can; and a map of the field of operations makes it possible to trace the movements of the combatants.

Four new volumes have been added to the "Tudor Shakespeare" (The Macmillan Co.) making thirty in all, and leaving only ten to complete the edition. The new volumes are "The Taming of the Shrew," edited by Professor Frederick Tupper, Jr., of the University of Vermont; "Timon of Athens," edited by Professor Robert Huntington Fletcher of Grinnell College, Iowa; "All's Well that Ends Well," edited by Professor John L. Lowes of Washington University, St. Louis; and "Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece and Other Poems," edited by Professor Carleton Brown of Bryn Mawr College. Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece and is furnished with an introduction, notes, a glossary, etc. It was a happy thought to combine the work of so many scholars in an edition uniform in appearance and in scope, and under the general editorial charge of two such eminent Shakespearean scholars as Professor Neilson of Harvard and Professor Thorndike of Columbia. Each succeeding volume emphasizes the wisdom of this plan. The volumes are of convenient size and singularly inexpensive.

"Farmers of Forty Centuries" is the comprehensive and accurately descriptive title of a study of permanent agriculture in China, Korea and Japan, written by the late F. H. King, Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin and Chief of Division of Soil Management, in the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The journeys and studies which went to the making of this unique volume were a labor of love to the author, who had made this field of investigation peculiarly his own; and it is greatly to be regretted that death should have halted his work before he had time to write the contemplated final chapter on the "Message of China and Japan to the World." What he conceived that message to be, however, so far at least as the processes

of agriculture are concerned, may be inferred from the work as he left it. The book is a graphic and intimate account of the habits of the Chinese, Korean and Japanese rural populations and their ways of tilling the soil, all obtained at first hand, and the fruit of personal observation. Professor King's book has all the interest of a book of travel, but it has a much greater value, for the author's observations went deeper than those of the ordinary traveller and were directed consistently by the one purpose of throwing light upon farming methods which may profitably be studied and within certain limits followed by the too-often heedless American farmer. Two hundred and forty-eight illustrations from photographs enhance both the attractiveness and the value of the book. Mrs. F. H. King of Madison, Wisconsin, is the publisher.

A story of life in a boy's school and one of the best of its type is "Deering of Deal" by Latta Griswold. Deering is a Southern lad who follows the traditions of his family in coming North to Deal, a New England school. He proves one of the sunniest, most likeable young heroes in recent juvenile literature. The author characterizes Deering and his friends more carefully than is customary in many books of the kind where the chief interest lies in athletic events and school-boy scrapes. It does not follow, however, that this book lacks in stirring events. Games and school organizations are presented in a most attractive way. At first Deering falls into the front ranks with an ease that seems hardly true to life, but as the story develops he meets with many hard knocks and disappointments. He is a thoroughly human boy, and not without faults, but his high sense of honor and true courage bring him triumphantly out of many a trying situation. Several excellent illustrations and a map of Deal school and its grounds will increase the value of the book to its young readers. The author assuredly understands boy nature, and the story should be very popular. The Macmillan Company.

Among the many travel books that are constantly appearing it is refreshing to come upon one which views a country from an entirely new angle. Such a book is "A Wayfarer in China" by Elizabeth Kendall, which gives a woman's observations of China, gathered in an unusual manner. Unaccompanied by any European Miss Kendall made an overland journey beginning in Haiphong and extending through Mongolia to Verchneudinsk on the Siberian frontier. In this way she approached China from the West instead of from the East as is customary with the average tourist, and had an excellent opportunity to observe the people in points remote from the haunts of curiosity seekers. Sometimes on horseback, sometimes drawn by ponies and at other times riding on a chair carried by native bearers, she proceeded from one town to another, spending the night at the settlement which was nearest when darkness fell. That in all the months of travel Miss Kendall met nothing but courtesy from all seems not surprising after one has read the book. Seldom does an account breathe such a spirit of humanitarianism, fairness and broadmindedness. One feels that the inspiration of the journey was not idle curiosity or a desire to gather material for a book, but a genuine interest in people. The result gives the reader besides a delightful narrative, a new sense of China's power and resources and the publication is timely. Houghton Mifflin Co.